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Mail

Covers Again!

By L. C. GREENE—

Here they are again! LITERARY DIGEST covers that can be framed and kept as works of art. Your readers of long standing have waited patiently while you tried going *moderne,* comic, or any other way that struck the Picture Editor's fancy,

The scene of war-mutilated Madrid was not only an excellent and artistic photograph, but the pictured essence of the suffering caused by modern warfare.

Sacramento, California.

By OLIVIA HERBERT—

Your cover design, "Spanish Street Scene," is breathtaking. I am really pleased to know that the new covers are here "for keeps."

Would it be possible to use the Texas catastrophe for this week? Taft, Oklahoma.

Mine Labor

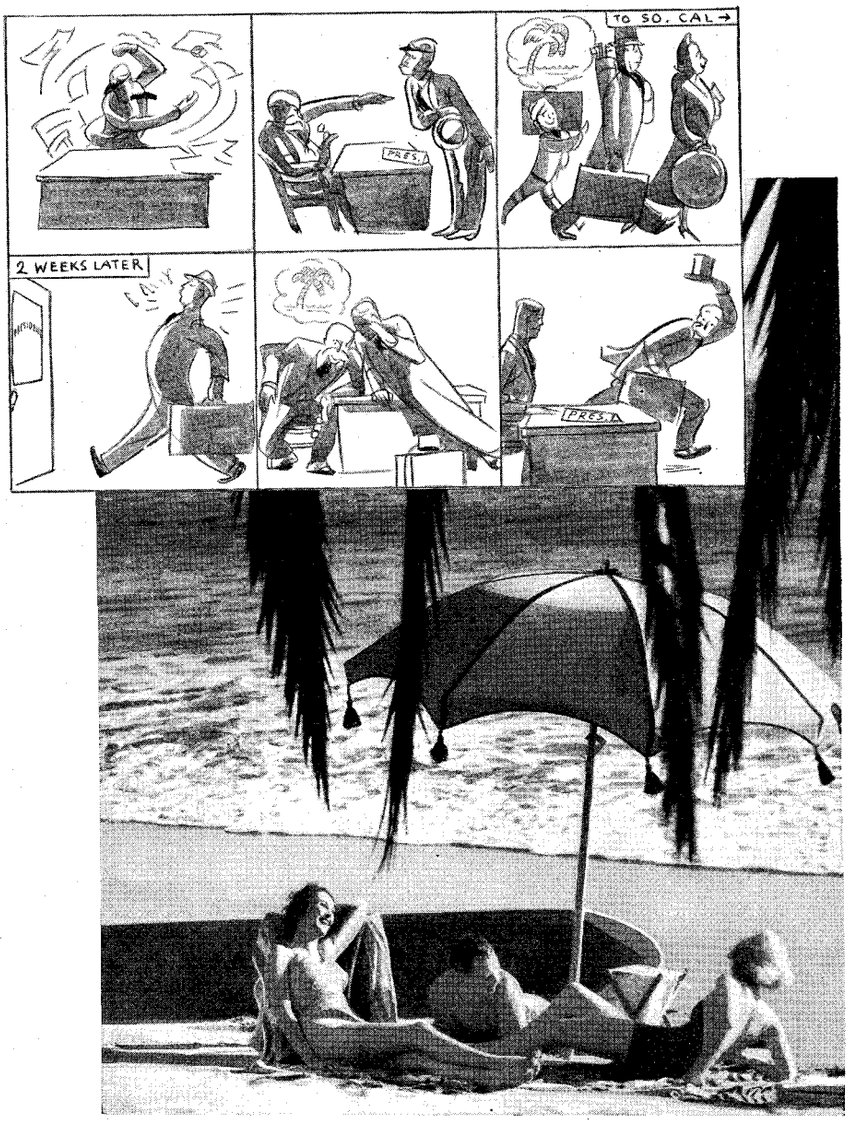
By WILLIAM JONES—

In connection with your article of March 6 on Labor-Unions in Great Britain, you may be interested to know that in the year 1862, when I was not yet ten years old, I was actually engaged as you describe.

In addition to the strap around my waist, to which a chain and hook were attached, I also wore a leather shield on my back to protect it from striking the roof of the mine, which was no more than three feet high. I used to crawl on my hands and knees, dragging the wagon behind me, from the place where the miner was hewing the coal to the tunnel where we unloaded.

At the end of the day I had to carry the

MR. DRUDJ TELLS HIS BOSS WHERE TO GO..



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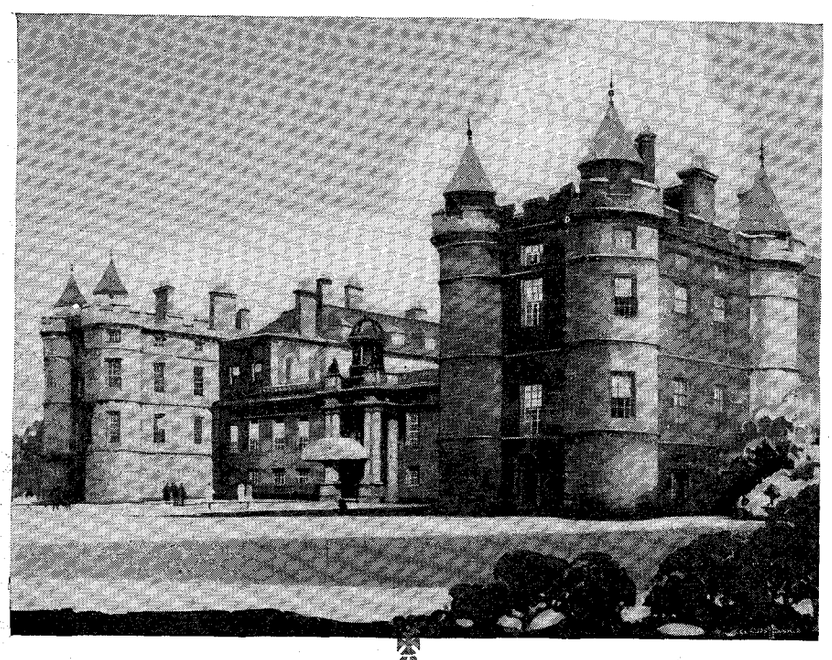

This Year of all Years in Great Britain & Ireland

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blunt picks to the smith's for sharpening, and then hide them for collection the next morning. Try to imagine the terrible suffering of us little fellows groping about in the black darkness of a winter's morning! We had no gas or any other kind of light. Badly fed and shaking with the cold, we stumbled over obstacles, fearful of being late, for we had to be at the mine at 7 A.M. In the winter, when coal happened to be in demand, we only saw daylight on Sunday.

Even now, after all the years which have passed, I shudder. Could it be possible to produce a stronger argument for the organization of labor?

The reason conditions are not so bad today is not because employers became sympathetic or ashamed but because, tho every obstacle was raised, organized labor triumphed. The result: Britain has surpassed all other nations in the organization of labor.

Lakewood, Ohio.

Lynch Law

By JOHN H. ROACH—

May I commend you on your excellent article entitled "Lynch Law" which appeared in the issue of March 20. As a resident of San Jose, California, I know the "feel" of a lynch crowd. I watched men batter down the jail door as officials stood by helpless; I watched crowds of men, women and children pouring into town as news of the lynching spread.

It takes a great deal of will-power to resist the lynch feeling that drives a crowd to murder, and I saw many a "respectable citizen" succumb to it. I expected to see immediate steps being taken for an antilynch law in our State. Instead, our pitiful Governor commended the crowd on its inhuman murder.

Your article makes clear the issue. In your usual lucid and all-inclusive style, you have cleared up a great many doubts that were in my mind and have stated the whole question of antilynching laws plainly.

San Jose, California.

By DR. J. B. VIERS—

In the article "Lynch Law" in the issue of March 20, you state that Massachusetts and four other States have never known a lynching.

I have heard some bad things about a town called Salem. . . .

Lusk, Wyoming.

The nineteen persons of Salem, Massachusetts, who were hanged as witches in 1692 were afforded the benefit of trial and sentence. Though the spirit of these hangings was much the same as more recent mob murders, they were not victims of lynch law. (Summary punishment by self-appointed commission without trial by law.—Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary of the English Language.)—*Editor.*

Snag

By WILBUR GETTIG—

I like THE LITERARY DIGEST and read it regularly, and I am not in the habit of criticizing your paper. But recently a snag developed which caught me.

In your article, "Luxury: Rayon to Clothe Milady," appears the following: "And what the devil does a silk-producing country mean by manufacturing a machine-made fiber which to a large degree accounts for the present plight of silk?"

Is the phrase "what the devil" capable of being diagrammed, and if so, how? It doesn't sound just right to me.

Columbus, Ohio.

In this sentence "what the devil" is a noun-clause acting as the subject of the sentence. The prepositional phrase, "in the devil" ("in" is understood) is a shortening of the phrase "in the devil's name," which has become correct through usage.—*Editor.*

Liquor Traffic

By EDWARD B. DUNFORD, Attorney, Anti-Saloon League of America—

The League opposed to promotion of liquor traffic in any form. Manufacture of rum by United States and sales promotion not proper governmental function. Policy makes every citizen participant in liquor business and tends to make profits a paramount consideration rather than restrictions in interest of social welfare. Profits result only as sales are stimulated. Increased sales inevitably mean added relief and social problems, as government rum deleterious as any other. Present program inimical to temperance, and also contains element of unfair competition with traffic Government has licensed.

Washington, D.C.

Mr. Dunford's statement was quoted in part in THE LITERARY DIGEST of March 20. The above is the telegram in full.—*Editor.*

Polygraph

By SAMUEL LILES—

I have had a great deal of interest in the so-called "Lie Detector" since it first became subject for conjecture and cynicism in the

(Continued on page 39)

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK APRIL 3, 1937

Topics of the day

GRAFT REPORT HITS GOLDEN GATE

San Franciscans Debate Licensing Vice Following Quiz

Since 1849, San Francisco and its easy-going, broad-minded citizenry have become used to grafting policemen, dishonest politicos and the usual phenomena of municipal corruption in America.

It takes more than a graft investigation to stir a native son of the Golden Gate.

But San Francisco awakened recently to discover that ex-G Man Edwin N. Atherton, who for sixteen months has been trying to find out why so many San Francisco cops paid sizable Federal income taxes, had left a baby on its door-step:

© Knoff

Gay dogs of the Barbary Coast before the Great Fire ended its wild license

He said that since there was little sense in firing grafting cops and replacing them with others exposed to identical temptations, the city might better legalize and license prostitution and gambling (everywhere and always principal sources of police graft). He went on to add that if this could not be done officially, it might be accomplished unofficially but successfully.

Commissioner Resigns—The dam of public opinion promptly burst. Pros and cons were tossed back and forth with the speed, if not always the accuracy, of a smart infield warming up.

That Dr. Thomas E. Shumate, for two decades a member of the triumvirate of Commissioners who rule the San Francisco police, had resigned; that the resignation of his fellow Triumvirs, Theodore J. Roche and Frank J. Foran, was being demanded by the Chamber of Commerce, didn't much disturb San Franciscan placidity.

To license or not to license was and is the burning question.

Thundered Mayor Angelo J. Rossi, himself flicked a bit by the Atherton whip: "As long as I am Mayor, there will be no legalization of prostitution or any form of vice in San Francisco."

Calmer, but no less emphatic, was John H. Riordan, San Francisco Bar Association President: "However broad-minded . . . San Francisco may be, its prevailing opinion . . . has always been opposed to licensing vice. Evil can never be condoned, nor can it be made good by legislation or license."

But there were other views. More than 100 clergymen heard Atherton speak before the California Church Council. Most agreed with his conclusion.

"While I feel the regulation of vice isn't the whole answer to the problem," said the Rev. Dr. John Collins, Rector of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, "I personally believe prostitution should be legalized. I believe it was a mistake when we did away with the old restricted district.* Our laws should be changed so we can have a decent city. I feel a movement should be started that will go to the root of the whole problem."

Less sure of his views but impressed by the Atherton suggestion, the Rev. Edgar A. Lowther, Minister of Temple Methodist Episcopal Church, asserted:

Admits Conditions—"Conditions here are the worst I have ever seen in any major city. I have often been solicited on the streets near my own church (in the downtown district). No one wants a return of the Barbary Coast, but we do want to find a better way of dealing with vice problems. . . . I do believe prostitutes should be under the strict supervision of the Department of Health . . . that would require some form of legal recognition . . . the rank and file of citizens fix the moral level . . . our work begins where Atherton left off . . . there should be a voluntary investigation of the factors that send girls into prostitution—including starvation wages."

*Famed Barbary Coast.

The Rev. Jason Noble Pierce, Minister of the First Congregational Church, expressed himself in agreement with Doctors Collins and Lowther, said he would embody his views in a sermon.

Interest in the report and its recommendations spread far beyond San Francisco, beyond California. Roger W. Babson, Moderator of the Congregational and Christian Churches, wired from Florida:

"I strongly disapprove . . . plan of legalizing gambling and prostitution for municipal income. If no money consideration were involved there might be some justification—but even under such conditions, politics and graft would come into the picture . . . the problem can not be solved either by more legislation or less legislation. Both methods have been tried. . . . This is a spiritual problem rather than legislative or economic. . . . The churches hold the only remedy and the clergymen should snap out of their inferiority complex and courageously appeal to the people . . . to change their hearts and desires. Two blacks will not make a white." Babson urged the San Francisco clergy not to "get mixed up with politics."

The reply of Mary E. Woolley, Honorary Moderator of the Congregationalists and President of Mount Holyoke College, when asked for her view, had a touch of the Coolidge legend about it. Nine words made her position crystal clear:

"Not in favor of legalization of gambling and prostitution."

Bishop Says "No"—Doctor Collins's hierarchal superior, Episcopal Bishop E. L. Parsons of San Francisco, did not agree with the Rector of St. Peter's.

"I am heartily opposed to legalizing prostitution," he said. "You can not cure one evil by legalizing another. It lowers the moral standard and increases temptations. . . . I believe the most careful investigation throughout the world . . . confirms this, as does earlier San Francisco experience. The same is relatively true of gambling."

Even stronger was Methodist Bishop H. Lester Smith's denunciation:

"The proposal . . . is indefensible. No argument advanced in support . . . can meet the test of morality, religion, of sound social procedure. It is folly and inexcusable weakness for government to enter into partnership with commercialized vice . . . the ultimate end of such procedure is the destruction of social control. . . ."

Chance remark of John B. Lewis, Internal Revenue Collector, in a public speech late in 1935, started the Atherton investigation. Mr. Lewis expressed mild

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surprize at the number of police officers filing Federal income tax returns and paying on them when, as he pointed out, "every one knew" their salaries were exempt.

The collector's remark was picked up by the press and some newspapers began to ask embarrassing editorial questions. The San Francisco Board of Supervisors voted an investigation, raised $25,000 and hired Atherton, private detective who specializes in criminal cases, never works for a defendant.

Politicians and policemen hoped the papers would tire of the story, call off their men. They were disappointed. The press shouted louder than before. Atherton, confessing annoyance at it, went to work on a tidal wave of ballyhoo.

A second appropriation was voted some months later. But toward the end of 1936, official indifference, police obstructionism and lack of genuine public interest throttled the investigation just when it seemed that Atherton was beginning to cut close to the quick. He wound up the inquiry, made his report to District Attorney M. A. Brady. Copies to the press followed.

Bail Baron—The *Big Bad Wolf* of the Atherton report is the bail bond firm of McDonough Brothers, which he bluntly called the "fountain head of corruption." Of the firm, Atherton wrote:

"It has many tentacles reaching throughout the City Government in the form of officials and employees in key positions to take care of almost any contingency. It has certain police officers . . . who devote a considerable portion of their time to . . . the interests of the firm. No one can conduct a prostitution or gambling enterprise in San Francisco without the direct or indirect approval of McDonough Brothers."

He went on to declare Police Commissioner Shumate was in debt to Bail Baron McDonough. Shumate, popular, courtly, old-school type, owner of a chain of thirty-three drug stores, at one time reputed millionaire, shouted "liar" at Atherton, called McDonough a "God-fearing man."

Twenty-four hours later, reporters for the San Francisco *Chronicle* had obtained Shumate's admission that he had owed McDonough $20,000 for fourteen years, paid 6 per cent. interest on it. The next morning he resigned.

Vice conditions, the Atherton report said, had reached a stage where, in one district, many residents had been compelled to put signs on their doors proclaiming the premises private property.

The report in general was cold and matter-of-fact in tone, without moral fervor, non-adjectival. Indifference of both police and other city officials toward cooperation with the probers was stressed. To date, it has resulted in the discharge of three captains, three lieutenants, one sergeant and seven patrolmen; the flight of one officer; indictment of four others. "Take" of the grafters was set by Atherton at $1,000,000 annually.

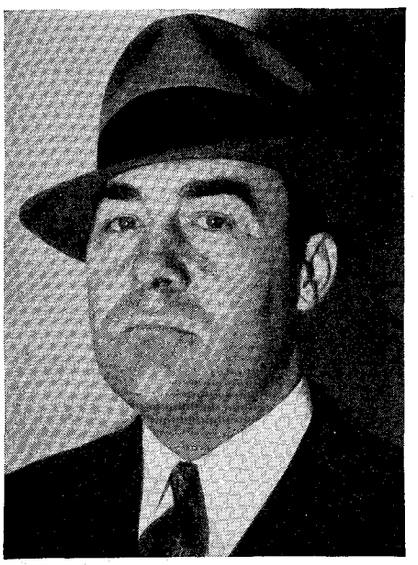
Facing Facts—Altho the Atherton revelations constitute the biggest political scandal San Francisco has known since the Ruef-Schmitz explosion of municipal corruption in 1906, the Golden Gate metropolis differs from its sister cities only in facing facts rather than evading them.

New Yorkers can still remember the cesspool of bribery uncovered by the Seabury investigation, with its "little tin boxes"; the earlier exposure of vice squad shake-down methods, the more recent cases of "Lucky" Luciano and his aids.

Philadelphia was "purged" by Rudolph Blankenburg in 1913 and by Smedley Butler after the War. Chicago has been dodging honest dealing with prostitution and gambling for decades, officially indifferent between periodic hurricanes of aroused civic disapproval.

A generation ago, Kansas City, Missouri, "abolished" its restricted district in a wave of reform inspired originally by a smart railroad lawyer. The "red light" section was then located in an area which the railroad wished to acquire for switch-yards nearer the heart of the growing city. But prostitution was profitable and property values prohibitive from the railroad viewpoint.

The lawyer stirred up some of the more crusading spirits among the city's clergy.



Wide World

Edwin N. Atherton proposed legal prostitution to stop San Francisco's police graft

They preached, others picked up the issue, the press fell into line. The railroad men kept their aims wholly secret, bided their time. Ultimately, the district was evacuated, its properties largely reoccupied by Negroes. Values fell, the railroad bought. Vice, meanwhile, became city-wide instead of more or less localized.

Philadelphia Purged—When Blankenburg, "the Old Dutch Cleanser," as his supporters hailed him, became in 1912 the first reform Mayor to be put in the City Hall by Philadelphia voters since the '60's, he determined to justify his nickname. He turned the police department's guns on the restricted district north of Market and east of Broad Streets.

A uniformed policeman was placed at the door of every disorderly house, with orders to permit only residents to enter. The press hailed it as a "vice quarantine." In a week, the houses capitulated, closed their doors. Within six months, complaints were flooding the City Hall from business men's organizations in all parts of the city. Prostitution had merely spread.

Probably San Francisco, traditionally gay and unconventional, had in the pre-fire Barbary Coast the best-known tenderloin in the western hemisphere, dating its origin back to the '50's.

The Coast had its ups and downs, one of the more serious of the latter coming in 1901, when thousands of soldiers back from the Philippines campaign and waiting for discharge in camps outside the city, enraged at being robbed, rioted up and down, wrecked saloons, brothels and honky-tonks.

The Great Fire of 1906 ended the Coast and its infamous glories. But, as the Atherton report shows, its spirit goes marching on. Essentially, the San Francisco problem is the problem that faces every American city larger than a village.

Executive Editor Paul C. Smith of the San Francisco *Chronicle* summed it up in a front-page editorial:

"The major portion of the public . . . many times has indicated . . . that it does not desire a closed town . . . if this is the case, and any realist knows it to be, the question now before the people . . . is whether they want their city open *with* graft or *without* graft."

COURT BALLOON: Compromise Proposals Heard by Judiciary Committee

"The present proposal to enlarge the Court has been defended on the ground that to amend the Constitution would take too long, and that the plan before you opens up the necessary by-pass. Millions of Americans are hoping that the Congress will not succumb to this philosophy. The spirit of the world is too antagonistic to our democratic tradition to permit us to think that we can remain immune if we once abandon the rigors of constitutionalism for the facile argument that the end justifies the means. . . ."

Thus, last week, did scholarly Harold Willis Dodds, President of Princeton University, sum up the prime contention of opponents of the Roosevelt idea of adding new members to the Supreme Court of the United States. It was easily the most convincing testimony of the third week of the Senate Judiciary Committee's public hearings on S-1392, the Court-enlargement bill.

Doctor Dodds's thrust came after a carefully constructed argument that the result of the President's proposal might be the ultimate establishment in America of "authoritarian Government without popular or judicial restraint."

Politicians and Emergencies—He observed solemnly: "Shrewd and forceful political leaders (as distinct from conventional political bosses) thrive on emergencies when they know how to take advantage of them. When the political waters of the world are stagnant, any leader or party which can create an emergency may be the instrument of progress. . . .

"An emergency must be a serious one indeed that justifies a repudiation of the principle of constitutionalism in a democracy. . . .

"The fundamental danger of succumbing to the emergency psychology is multiplied many times by the present world drift. Forgetful that authoritarian Government everywhere never reaches the basic trouble, but merely hides the disease by concealing the symptoms, many people have confused ends and means. . . ."

Moley's Views—Similarly, Raymond Moley, the most influential member of the original Roosevelt "Brain Trust," had

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told the Committee a day earlier: "I am opposed to this plan . . . first, because it is based upon emergency—or, if you will, crisis-psychology. It is submitted as a makeshift, unsatisfactory panacea. . . .

"Second, because this proposal does not offer a permanent solution. . . . I believe in the purposes of this New Deal. But . . . I am for future New Deals as well, unhampered by the dead hand of the past. . . ."

But the man who in 1933 had been on sufficiently friendly terms with President Roosevelt to represent him at the London Economic Conference, was not so fiery a pro-Court witness as opposition Senators on the Judiciary Committee had hoped he might be.

Other witnesses ran more to expected form. Louis J. Taber, head of the Farmers' National Grange, followed Doctor Dodds to the witness-stand with the excited observation that "some of us are seriously concerned about the rights of minorities, especially in the matter of religious toleration."

"Do you really believe," questioned Senator McGill of Kansas, "that the President would propose, or the Senate would permit, any action under this legislation to jeopardize religious freedom in this country?"

"Certainly not. But I am suggesting that another President and another Congress conceivably could use this precedent and this power to do that."

Effect—It is doubtful whether last week's testimony was persuasive enough to augment the forces of the Opposition in the Senate. But if it failed to swerve legislators away from the banner of Court-enlargement, it served at least to advance the idea of a compromise amendment as a substitute for the Roosevelt proposal.

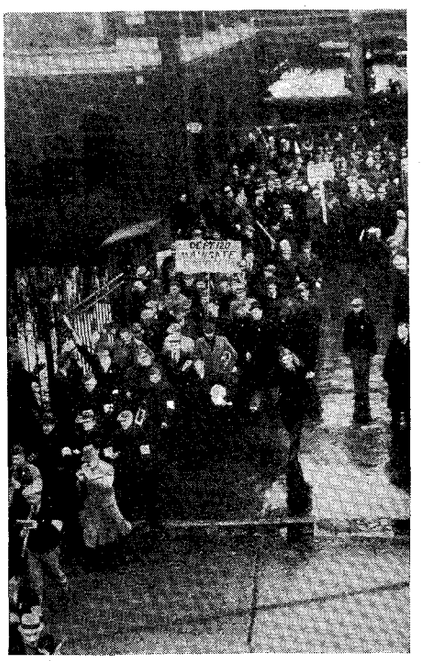
Alternately bored and agitated by testimony continually reiterated that to give the President power to "pack" the Court meant giving him complete control over the Court, the Judiciary Committee welcomed a fresh slant introduced by the Dean of the Faculty of Law of Columbia University, Young B. Smith.

He placed himself in opposition to the President because he considered the Administration bill no permanent answer to the problem. An amendment, he declared, was the only answer, "an amendment fixing the tenure of justices by requiring them to retire at a specified age." He suggested seventy-five.

At least one pro-Administration Senator was struck by the proposal, even tho it had been suggested before. Carl A. Hatch of New Mexico told reporters after the day's hearings that he would push, immediately, consideration of an amendment.

As the hearings moved sluggishly along last week, with occasional flashes of rhetoric eliciting spontaneous applause from the 500 spectators who gathered daily in the great marble caucus-room, there was every indication that the Great Issue of 1937 would be front-page news for months to come.

Meanwhile the Administration drew up new batteries of heavy artillery as it carried the Court fight out into the States. Four Governors—Bibb Graves of Alabama, E. D. Rivers of Georgia, Richard Webster Leche of Louisiana and Olin D. Johnston of South Carolina—broadcast a joint indorsement of the Roosevelt plan.



Pictures, Inc.

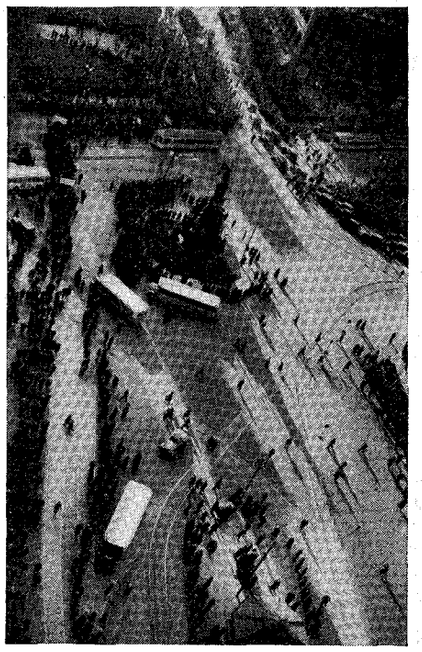
Strikers evacuating Chrysler's Dodge plant marched out into Detroit streets

SIT-DOWN SIEGE: The Nation Grows Weary of Labor Strife; Hope for a Law Grows

There was rumor around Washington last week that John L. Lewis, labor's 1937 champion, was becoming a capitalist!

Such strange things have been transpiring in the realms of capital and labor during the past two months that many accepted the suggestion as fact. Especially since it was announced that Lewis was Washington society's pet lion of the moment. Unfortunately, conferences in Detroit and New York kept him from cutting a wide swath, but he managed to lunch with Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, sup with Mrs. Daisy Borden Harriman.

Meanwhile, labor leaders generally continued to perplex striking workers, blustering politicians and a trembling public.



. . . where a few days earlier sympathizers had marched in great demonstration

Would the President act? Would the long-awaited Supreme Court decision touch off another wave of sit-down strikes?

On one thing all factions were agreed: The country needs some sort of a law which will govern relations between labor and industry. The innocent bystanders—even the workers themselves—are getting weary of a sort of chronic state of siege that threatens recovery.

"Hired Man" Murphy—Rep. Clare E. Hoffman, Michigan Republican, did not mince words in discussing this fundamental phase in the House:

"The point I was trying to make the other day," he said, "was that if our President, instead of remaining silent on this subject, would tell his hired man, Murphy, and this lady down here who is running or pretending to run the Labor Department to tell these 'sit-downers' to get out, or if they had told them that at Flint when they first came there, we would not have had this trouble; but when you have a situation such as we found last week, when the police went down to those stores in Detroit and found the Governor of our State in there hobnobbing with the strikers and giving them encouragement, you can not expect to settle a strike."

Secretary of Labor Frances Perkins ignored these remarks, observed:

"It isn't correct to say that the Wagner Act has been ignored out in Detroit. Because of the injunction, the Labor Board simply couldn't make a move."

William Green, President of the American Federation of Labor, gambled on chances of being on the safe side, denounced the whole technique of sit-down as illegal. As a new angle in his fight on Lewis and the Committee for Industrial Organization, he argued that this type of protest would bring "permanent injury" to trade-unionism. He asked the nation's workers to disavow it as a weapon.

"Both personally and officially, I disavow the sit-down strike as a part of the economic and organization policy of the American Federation of Labor," he declared. ". . . Public opinion will not support sit-down strikes. That means labor loses public support when any part of it engages in sit-down strikes."

Semiofficial Apology—Mr. Green's statement followed Madame Perkins' semi-official apology: "The sit-down strike has not yet been proved to be illegal."

The Legal Department of the National Association of Manufacturers disagreed.

Citing several reasons why it thought the sit-down illegal, the Association outlined four possibilities for recourse by employers:

1. Self-help by ejectment, using no more force than is necessary.
2. Criminal actions for trespass, conspiracy, extortion, forcible disseizin and malicious injury to property.
3. Civil action for damages.
4. Injunctions to restrain illegal conduct.

Meanwhile, out in Michigan, the front-line trenches of major labor-capital warfare continued active. At Lansing, under the egis of watchful, hopeful Governor Murphy, Walter P. Chrysler and John L. Lewis talked at great length, haggled over a reputed "three little words."

Major issue remained sole collective-bargaining rights. The United Automobile

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Workers of America claimed to represent 95 per cent. of Chrysler's 60,000 workers in shops and on assembly lines. The company insisted that it had the right to bargain collectively with any minority group that asked for such treatment.

While minor strikes broke out throughout the country as fast as others were settled, the Chrysler strike loomed as a major loss to both industry and worker.

Evacuation—For seventeen days, 6,000 workers sat down in nine Chrysler plants. Then, amid cheering, they left. Upon inspection the plants were found by State Troopers to be clean and undamaged. Company officials took possession, got back their valuable pay-roll records. Then plans were made to pay approximately $2,000,000 in wages to 60,000 workers.

Pending settlement of negotiations between Lewis and Chrysler in Lansing, the Detroit plants remained idle. Since March 8, the pay-roll loss is estimated at $5,791,000; production loss at 100,000 units.

Governor Murphy, already criticized and praised for his handling of the General Motors strike, continued to handle labor troubles in his own manner.

To settle minor commercial walkouts, sit-downs and lockouts, he appointed a Board of Mediation composed of three representative leaders of three religious faiths, all active in social work.

Principal arbiter was Father Frederic Seidenberg, sixty-five, sports-loving, plump Jesuit. Father Seidenberg became acquainted with Murphy when the latter was Mayor of Detroit. He was appointed to the U. S. Regional Labor Board under the NRA and served until the Recovery Act was knocked out. He was Executive Dean of Loyola University for twenty-one years, has acted in the same capacity at the University of Detroit since 1932.

Also a veteran of labor mediation is Rabbi Leon Fram, forty, born in Rossieny, Lithuania. Short and red-cheeked, Rabbi Fram is an enthusiast of the arts.

Fram was active in labor work when Murphy was Mayor, served on the Mayor's Unemployment Commission and was Chairman of a Committee which investigated labor conditions in Detroit in 1930. He served on the Mediation Board in the Briggs strike in 1931.

Third member of the board is another sports fan, the Rev. Benjamin Jay Bush, Pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church since 1927. Tall and stately in his gray business clothes, Mr. Bush has a pet theory: "A religion that is not interested in human welfare is a defunct religion."

Circumlocution — Last week, the two churchmen, in company with 130,000,000 other Americans, were treated to a curious circumlocution of the law. John L. Lewis was named in a contempt order. If he set foot in Michigan, he was to be arrested. But negotiations conducted by the Governor needed his presence. So Lewis was asked to come back, escorted by twelve State Troopers into the Governor's office.

A few days later, on Easter Sunday, he had to hurry back to New York to continue negotiations for his mine workers with the Appalachian coal operators.

Roosevelt's Lap—With the Detroit situation clearing, President Roosevelt returned to Washington, full of Georgia sunshine, after a fortnight at Warm Springs. On every side, commentators had said that when industrialists, labor leaders, the Labor Department and others failed to solve the labor situation, the matter would be placed smack in his lap.

For hours he listened to Senator Robinson, the Majority Leader; Madame Perkins, Senator La Follette, Speaker Bankhead and Representative Rayburn. At his side was Vice President Garner. A "hands-off" policy was the only impression visitors to the White House took away with them.

NAME HUNTERS: Hollywood Decides to Charge for Autographs, Price Not Settled

Swamped by amateur as well as professional autograph hunters, Hollywood has decided to get in on the rumpus and collect as many pennies as possible.

The Screen Actors Guild last week announced a plan whereby no motion-picture actor or actress will offer a *John Henry* unless paid. The receipts will go to build a home for aged screen stars.

The decision will affect more than 1,000 "pros" in the film capital who, ranging in age from seven to sixty-eight, follow the celebrities morning, noon and night. It will also curb the pencil-offering activities of middle-aged ladies from Iowa and points East who collect autographs during warm winter months.

Until this decision to put the business on a paying basis, "good" autograph hunters made $6 to $12 weekly. The procedure was to follow the stars, get them to sign anything—altho books were preferable. Then an informal curb exchange was set up, tourists bought the autographs. Payment now will be in the form of stamps purchased through the Guild.

Exchange Rates—Current rates on the exchange include four Jack Bennys for one Bing Crosby, five Robert Kents for one Shirley Temple. A high-priced rarity, much sought after, is a card with all of the three Ritz Brothers signed, one above the other.

Another long standing rarity is the signature of Charley Chaplin. The market is glutted with Pat O'Briens and Barbara Stanwycks; more Garbos and Dietrichs are seen this year than ever before.

It is estimated that there are about 5,000 active hunters in the country, 5,000,000 who send to Hollywood for signatures via clubs, as members of the Fan Club Federation.

Lieut. C. H. Valentine of the Hollywood Police Station says: "Sometimes we have to go out and shoo them away when they block the sidewalks, but we have never put one in jail yet." Not so pleased was an Irish traffic cop on Forty-fifth Street, main artery of New York's theater life: "Autograph hounds are a nuisance. They're mostly good kids, but when they gang up and get excited it only makes traffic jams a little worse."

Blank Checks—Several stars have been caught signing blank checks during theater rushes. For this reason, most of them have a different and distinct signature for checks. Joan Crawford was once asked to write her name in dust on the hood of a car; Clark Gable has signed a variety of items from shirt fronts to shoe soles. Active hunters swim out to stars' yachts.

The height of something or other is the fable that Joan Blondell and Dick Powell couldn't shop for Christmas during their last stay in New York because of trailing autograph chasers. So a merchant friend opened his department store for them on Sunday, with one clerk on every floor.

While in the East recently, Irene Dunne received a note in child's writing:

"Dear Miss Dunne:

"Thanks so much for giving my brother your autograph. He waited outside of your hotel all day yesterday and lost his job. I would have been with him, but I had to go to school."

Leaders—From the ranks of the mob have come leaders in the field. Maurice Neel, pale, blond ex-bookkeeper of Los Angeles, is placed high. He won't sell his collection, even when broke and jobless.

Viola Seed, in her early twenties, is Hollywood champion autograph hound. Next to the income tax and bad press notices

Karger-Pix

They shall not pass . . . signature seekers found Helen Hayes's dressing-room already full

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Acme

Robert Taylor besieged by a bevy of co-eds demanding his autograph . . . 25c from now on

it was once written that she is the third major annoyance of the stars. She operates from 11:30 A.M. to 2 A.M. Well remembered is her encounter with Constance Bennett in a book-shop. "I can't be detained now. My public is waiting," said the star. "I'm your public," snapped Viola Seed, "sign here." She got the autograph.

America's autograph chaser No. 1 is said to be Edwin Alexander Rowlands, twenty-eight-year-old, six-foot, three-and-one-half-inch clerk in the Mellon National Bank of Pittsburgh. Recently he obtained six weeks' leave of absence, made a trip to Hollywood and Palm Springs. He spoke over radio station KFWV and was invited to address the student body of Occidental College.

Rowlands has three volumes of autographs which he has insured for $10,000, on which he pays a premium of $28.50 a year. He began the hobby February 1, 1935, when Lily Pons visited Pittsburgh. Since then he has garnered 658 autographs from celebrities in every walk of life. Of that number 540 have been collected in the home town; for the others he has traveled 10,000 miles to California, Florida, Cleveland and Washington.

Gets Chief Justice—His greatest thrill was obtaining an autograph from Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes. Having obtained those of J. Edgar Hoover, Vice President Garner and missed the President—absent from Washington—Rowlands set his heart on the Chief Justice.

In a one-room office overlooking Radio City in New York, is the leading autograph agency. Walter R. Benjamin, eighty-three-year-old dean of autograph collectors' agents, operates the business with his daughter, Mary A. Benjamin. They don't know exactly, but believe they have 250,000 autographs which may be bought at varying prices. They specialize in full letters rather than in mere signatures. They also edit and publish *The Collector*, oldest monthly trade paper in the autograph field. Miss Benjamin writes the contents of the magazine, founded fifty years ago, for a circulation of 2,000.

London has several hundred regular autograph chasers who fill the lives of stage favorites like Tallulah Bankhead with tumult.

Parisians are not familiar with the popular modern form of autograph collecting. They like to see celebrities but don't bother for signatures. Serious collectors abound in France, however, and pay large sums for historic signatures. It has been said that the reason the French aren't interested in their celebrities of today is that only one out of a hundred Frenchmen writes with any legibility.

Josephine's signature fetches 1,800 francs; Marie Antoinette and Napoleon I are tied with Robespierre and quoted at 1,500 francs; *L'Aiglon* is next, asking 1,200.

Most often repeated quip about the entire business was that alleged to have been made by Norma Talmadge, wealthy retired motion-picture actress. While on a recent visit to Hollywood, she was besieged by autograph hunters while entering a popular restaurant. Pushing through she muttered:

"Go away—I don't need you any more!"

EIGHT OLD MEN: Storm Arises Over Move to Close North Carolina Confederate Home

Old soldiers never die,
They just fade away.

Eight nonagenarian wearers of the Gray for years have been fading gently away in the peaceful quiet of the Confederate Veterans' Home in Raleigh, North Carolina.

A few days ago, their peace was rudely shattered by the sudden tidings that the General Assembly had passed a bill authorizing closing of the Home.

Long-spun yarns of obscure battles and midnight marches gave way to indignation meetings. The eight old men saw themselves torn from their last moorings, set adrift to end their days in unfamiliar surroundings, among strangers.

T. S. Arthur, ninety-two, erect, extremely dignified, a movie director's ideal of what a true Southern colonel should look like, took pen in hand. In flowing copperplate, he drafted a letter to the Assembly. With five of his comrades, he signed and sent it. The other two in the home, lost in a dream world of the past, were too feeble to care what was going on.

Last Resort—"Suppose you saw your end approaching," wrote C.S.A. Veteran Arthur to the Legislators, "your days were numbered and you were being kicked out of your home. We trust and hope you will not abolish our home peremptorily. It is the last resort we have to end our days in peace, days which are now very short. We do not know how to appeal to you on this subject—but place yourselves in our position. Please—pause before kicking us out."

Response was immediate, generous, cordial.

The worried old men were promptly reassured by every one from Governor Hoey to Miss Martha Haywood, Chairman of the Home's Directorate. There had never been, they were told, the slightest intention to kick them out. The act was entirely permissive in nature, not mandatory, just a bit of legal red tape to prepare for the day when—

Obviously, the North Carolina lawmakers had had no intention of turning the veterans out into the world to fend for themselves. It was felt that when but one or two remained, the home would have to be closed, survivors cared for individually. The legislation was mere routine.

Outside Plea—But the veterans' letter attracted attention. Wired Editor W. O. Saunders of the Elizabeth City (N. C.) *Independent* to THE LITERARY DIGEST:

"Legislative proposal to abolish Soldiers' Home sound economics but economics has no place in consideration of suggestion affecting peace of mind of even a handful of pitiful old men who have . . . at the most a few short years to live. In that ramshackle old home they have found pleasure and comfort in surroundings to which they have attached themselves and among comrades and associates with whom they are in happy accord. It would be the height of cruelty to uproot these old men and disperse them . . . for the sake of saving the State a paltry few thousand dollars."

Veterans—Oldest of the veterans is William Holcomb who, at ninety-seven, is also the spryest. He has been in the Home for a decade, since he decided he was too old to continue selling brooms. He loves to yarn of Chancellorsville, where he was wounded fighting with Lane's Brigade, and the brave days of '63.

"Pat" Powers, who admits to being "over ninety," is tall, gaunt, dignified. At seventeen, he was driving a team in the supply trains of Lee's Army of Northern Virginia. He tells of nearly freezing to death one roaring night of winter storm, remembers Lee at Appomattox.

Ninety-three-year-old Walter Barfield served with the sixty-first North Carolina Infantry. His best yarn is about a forgotten fight at Plymouth, North Carolina, where "we made the Yanks haul rags, suh." But the tale always ends the same way: A pause, then the generous concluding remark: ". . . then they turned around, suh, and made *us* haul rags."

Veteran Arthur, author of the joint

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letter, has lived thirty years in the Home. He fought with Parker's Battery on James and John Islands in the defense of Charleston, South Carolina, and was with Gen. Joseph E. Johnston when he surrendered in '65.

The other two signers were Maj. J. W. Hamilton, ninety-three, who is comparatively active, often leaves the Home on visits to friends and relatives, and R. W. Wilkins, also ninety-three, who is so devoted to the Home that for years he has refused to leave the premises even to attend veterans' reunions.

Home—Their Home is a two-story, white painted, frame structure, surrounded by a wide veranda. It is set well back on a broad, tree-shaded lawn whose green velvet is broken by the guardian shapes of two old field-pieces—also veterans.

The State established the Home in 1890, with five veterans as the first residents. At times, other buildings were added, the Home housed as many as 200. To-day the original structure suffices for the eight old men.

BOSSES BEWARE: Chicago Toys With Manager Plan of City Government

In 1888, Lord Bryce wrote bluntly in "The American Commonwealth" what a good many Americans were coming dimly to recognize—that municipal corruption was the worst blot on the Nation's picture.

A decade before the great "muck-rakers"—Lincoln Steffens, Ray Stannard Baker, Upton Sinclair and lesser lights— the discerning Englishman had put his finger on our sorest spot.

In 1908, Staunton, Virginia, (pop. 11,990), altho there is no record it suffered particularly from municipal corruption, turned to American corporate business for the design of a new government machine.

A Council resolution empowered the city to hire a general manager to run its business. Staunton became the first community in the United States to adopt the City Manager plan.

Last week, scores of civic-minded Chicagoans urged a committee of the Illinois Legislature to empower Chicago (pop. 3,376,438) to hold a referendum as to whether its voters wished City Manager Government.

There are in the United States 4,171 incorporated cities. Of these, 441 are governed under city managership. Of the ninety-three cities of more than 100,000 population, seventeen are so ruled.

Simple Set-Up—The Council-Manager setup is essentially simple. It is based on corporate organization in which stockholders elect directors, who in turn hire a general manager for the business.

Substitute "voters" for "stockholders," "Councilmen" for "Directors" and "City Manager" for "General Manager" and the business organization is translated to government terms.

But the difference from the old Mayor-Council form is more marked than this simple definition indicates. Mayors in the traditional type of city Government almost always possess veto powers. The "check and balance" theory went right down the line from nation to parish.

Under City Managership, there is no veto power for any one, except such as the Council may exercise by declining to pass legislation.

Acme

Murray Seasongood instigated city management to clean up Cincinnati politics

The Council, usually a small one, hires a City Manager; chooses, from among its own membership as a rule, a Mayor. The latter greets visiting firemen, extends the keys of the city, signs on the dotted line, kisses babies, makes speeches and represents the administration politically.

The City Manager, once hired, makes all appointments in his sole discretion. In actual practise, minor ones are made by department heads in his name. Manager and executives run the day-by-day city Government, plan ahead, pass along policies to the Council. They are supposed to stay in the background, keep still and remain out of politics. From the administrative and executive view-point, they do as they please within the legal framework set up by the Council.

Simplifies Government—If Council and Manager disagree too violently, the former can fire the latter, exactly as a Board of Directors can discharge a General Manager.

Enthusiasts claim for the system a great simplification of Government, centralized responsibility, better administration because of the "career" nature of the Manager's job, less graft, more economy.

In the main, the experience of City Manager communities has borne out these claims. The shining example of what managership can do for a great, boss-ridden, looted and debt-laden city is Cincinnati.

For a generation, the Ohio Valley metropolis was a festering sore in the Ohio body politic. Rule passed from Boss George P. Cox, ex-saloon-keeper, to Boss R. K. Hynicka, who came to town from Pennsylvania, liked the beer and the views, got a newspaper job, became a Cox bosslet, succeeded his leader.

A revolt was started in 1923 by Murray Seasongood, wealthy, public-spirited, not afraid to "dirty" his hands with politics. City Managership was adopted in 1924, became effective in 1926. Col. Clarence O. Sherrill, ex-Army man, became first City Manager. Seasongood was chosen Mayor, organized a strong citizens' non-partizan group on a permanent basis. Bosses, bosslets, ward-heelers went away or to work.

Best Example—Cincinnati, whose latest Manager, Dr. Clarence A. Dykstra, resigned recently to become President of the University of Wisconsin, remains an example of what City Managership can do at its best.

Not always is the result so happy. Kansas City, Missouri, in a wave of enthusiasm, adopted the system half a dozen years ago. But the Pendergast machine kept right on running the city.

Cleveland is another big city where City Managership failed in the face of a sinister alliance of Republican and Democratic machines.

Third largest city having City Managership is Rochester, New York (pop. 328,132).

Other large cities using the system are: Toledo (290,718), Dayton (200,982), Oakland (284,063), Dallas (260,475), San Diego (147,995).

Topics in Brief

THE BEADS of perspiration engendered by honest toil seem to be on the way out as fashionable jewelry.—*Detroit Free Press.*

EVERYTHING seems to be settled, except whether LaGuardia's Phooey was bigger than Hitler's Pfui.—*H. V. Wade in Detroit News.*

LAMB PRICES are the highest in seven years, and no wonder. The supply is never equal to the demand in Wall Street.—*Indianapolis News.*

THE SPANISH WAR is now, presumably, completely surrounded by foreign warships, but even that may not prevent it from slopping over.—*Indianapolis News.*

THE CALIFORNIA centenarian, who credits a garlic-and-onion diet for his longevity, seems a hot prospect for a salesman of "Live Alone and Like It."—*Jackson Daily News.*

A BIRD IMITATOR in an Italian forest fooled a hunter, who shot him. If he had smoked a cigar he could have been mistaken for an elk.—*Rochester Democrat & Chronicle.*

THEME SONG for sweethearts and husbands of those sleep-in strikers in the 5-and-10-cent stores: "My Bonnie Lies Over the Notions!"—*Mark Hellinger in New York Daily Mirror.*

WHAT QUEER IDEAS those old fashioned idealists had! They used to think that the best way to settle a dispute was for both sides to sit down together.—*George Ryan in Boston Herald.*

SUMMER resort propaganda starts early. From the Maine coast comes a new spring story of a marine critter forty feet long and wearing whiskers—and stealing sheep.—*Tulsa World.*

IT'S a horrible thought, but the chances are that a considerable percentage of the next generation will be bow-legged from learning to walk in trailers.—*Olin Miller in Thomaston (Ga.) Times.*

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Parade

"I feel fifty years old at the most," declared **Arturo Toscanini,** orchestra conductor, celebrating his seventieth birthday in Italy. He received 2,198 telegrams from friends, principally in the United States. Among visitors was the Burgomaster of Salzburg, with whom the musician discussed plans for renovating the famous Salzburg Theater. Toscanini will return to this country in the fall, conduct for National Broadcasting Company.

* * *

"Our Army and Navy are at the highest point of efficiency they have attained in my time," observed **Gen. Peyton C. March,** seventy-two, retired. "Of course, you can never tell what the other fellow has up his sleeve. Every war has brought out new weapons. . . . The Army should build up to about 300,000 men and officers."

* * *

"If some one else takes your girl out and you don't feel the urge to punch him in the nose—well, you're not in love," stated **Dr. John Arnold Rockwell,** former medical adviser at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

* * *

Estimating she would earn more than $1,000,000 yearly, **Gracie Fields,** British *comédienne,* has gone to Hollywood for her first American picture. Admitting that the British Government took half her salary for taxes, she said: "I'm paying for rearmament." Miss Fields added that the United States Treasury would take another 25 per cent. of her salary.

* * *

"I am one of the people who makes a farewell and stays farewelled," declared **Geraldine Farrar,** former Metropolitan Opera star, on her fifty-fifth birthday. "When you get to be fifty-five, or beyond fifty, anyway, particularly when you retire, if you don't live for yourself and for your friends and try to give your friends something, what's the use of living?"

* * *

"I venture to predict," said **Harrison Forman,** author and explorer, "that within a very few years air-planes will be perfected to the point where they will be strong enough to carry heavy freight profitably, and then Tibet will be exploited and despoiled as the Americas were by the early Spaniards." Forman embarked last week for Shanghai on the first lap of a 10,000-mile journey in an attempt to prove that Mt. Everest is not the highest mountain in the world. His destination is Mt. Amnyi-Amachin, near the headwaters of the Yellow River, in northwestern Tibet. This is his third trip to the country where he saw "hundreds of roof-tops sheeted with gold."

* * *

"The bassos have been downtrodden," declared the opera singer **Ezio Pinza.** "They are always the bad men in the opera. The tenors get the girls—the bassos get the ax. Every one always treats the tenors best, then come the barytones, and last of all come the bassos. If they have a bad dressing-room, they give it to the basso." Furthermore, Pinza believes that music should be subsidized by placing a tax on sporting events.

* * *

Returning from twelve-years' expatriation, **Pearl White,** famous serial queen of early movie days, is visiting this country for the first time in nine years. Heroine of "Perils of Pauline," "The Iron Claw," "The Exploits of Elaine," dating back to pre-War days, Miss White is now retired and wealthy, owns homes in Paris, Gazeron, France, and Egypt—also a stable of prize-winning horses. The national press greeted her with nostalgic salvos, and the New York *World-Telegram* devoted an editorial to the event, concluding: "She'll always be slim and youthful and always undaunted in the affectionate memory of those who waited impatiently for the next reel of her serial to be unwound. The art goes on. But Pearl White remains."

Wide World

Pearl White returns to America

Fawcett Publications, Inc.

Do you remember Pearl's hair-raising, melodramatic "fillums" of fifteen years ago?

* * *

Fred E. Fuller, American cutlery buyer and salesman, who, with his wife, Mae, "met the whole darn royal family" on a recent trip to England, was perturbed over some of the stories which appeared about the meeting. "I want to say that those papers that said I used slang are not accurate. I'm a typical American business man, and my diction is perfect. I can't understand why newspapers should try to make me out as a cigar-smoking salesman blowing smoke in other people's faces. They (the royal family) soon found out I was a serious American business man, with very good diction, and not a roustabout."

* * *

The word "ain't" is not vulgar, merely colloquial, according to **Prof. Harold H. Bender,** Chairman of the Department of Oriental Languages and Literatures of Princeton University. The savant has traced the word back to the Revolutionary War, found it to be merged from several sources.

* * *

When his accomplishments were compared with those of Buddha, Galileo and "other spiritual figures of the world," **Col. Charles A. Lindbergh** blushed. In Calcutta, India, at the meeting of the Parliament of Religions, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, poetess, praised the flier's achievements as "part of the world spirit of faith, rendered into action."

* * *

Dr. Jeremiah D. M. Ford, Chairman of the Department of Romance Languages of Harvard University and Fellow of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, was awarded the Laetare Medal for 1937. This honor has been bestowed annually by the University of Notre Dame upon an outstanding member of the Catholic laity.

* * *

Wayne Bronson, eleven-year-old patient at a tuberculosis sanatorium at Fremont, Ohio, wanted to go into business with Postmaster General "Jim" Farley. "I have to write so many letters that by the time I get finished buying your stamps I am broke," the boy wrote to Farley. "Since I am a good customer of yours, I wonder if you wouldn't give me a special rate on your three-cent stamps. If you do this I'll advertise your stamps here at the sanatorium." The Postmaster General sent a package of fifty stamps and a number of special "covers" of stamp "first editions" to the boy to enable him to start a stamp collection, but regretted he was unable to bargain on any special rate for government three-centers.

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PEACE ERA DAWNS IN VENEZUELA

Vast Educational Program Designed to Aid Poor Classes

First South American country to be freed from Spain's shackles, Venezuela (Little Venice) lived to give itself in slavery to the most unscrupulous of South American dictators, for twenty-seven years bled and squirmed under his tyranny.

Its fashionable Caribbean Capital, Caracas, was the birthplace of Simon Bolivar, the great Liberator. Seventy-five years later, its grassy southwestern highlands, in the State of Táchira, gave birth to a glum, impassive *mestizo* who fought his way to cattle-raiser and raider, milked his fellow *mestizos,* gambled his hard-won fortune on a military rebel venture and finally double-crossed his chief and grabbed the Presidency of Venezuela. His name was Juan Vicente Gomez.

For twenty-seven years, the Scourge of the Andes waylaid the Federal Treasury, hunted down his enemies and let them rot in the sea-flooded cells of San Carlos Prison, while his subservient, hand-picked Deputies conferred on him the title of *El Benemerito,* the Well-Deserving. But the Indians of the Cordilleras called him *brujo,* witch-doctor, for they feared his heavy-lidded, coal-black eyes.

Late in 1935, Gomez died in palatial grandeur, still holding the country in his grip. Two days later, the once fawning press broke out in defamatory caricatures and side-splitting cartoons; called him "catfish," "bloodthirsty tyrant," "whiskered Nero." Decimated political parties sprang up overnight, and everywhere, vengeful mobs sacked the Presidential palace, hunted his hundred-odd illegitimate children, clamored for the millions of dollars which oil interests paid him in royalties. They found nothing.

Successor—Out of the chaos arose a tall, skinny, full-blooded Spaniard: Gen. Eleazor Lopez Contreras, Army chief. Least unpopular of the tyrant's lieutenants, Contreras alone had dared to argue with him, advocating moderation and restraint, pleading the cause of political rebels. A bewildered Congress first made Contreras Provisional President, then elected him to a full term.

Venezuela was a boiling caldron. Rebellions were threatened everywhere. People clamored for liberty. To stem the riots, Contreras declared a state of siege and shrewdly recalled Gomez's enemies from foreign exile. Hundreds of political prisoners were released from vermin-infested jails. Placated, Venezuelans saw the dawn of a golden era of liberty, especially when they read the new President's words in the partly unmuzzled press:

"I am whole-heartedly for democracy, and my efforts will be bent toward that end. If democracy, however, exceeds the bounds of law and order, I shall meet force with force. I shall maintain my position. I depend on the Army and I know the Army."

Self-made, Táchira-born like his late boss, Contreras wanted to nurse the transition period between tyranny and democracy, such as neighboring Colombia enjoyed, through a mild use of force. He calmly called on his Congress to push through measures calculated to help the *peons* and landless *mestizos,* decreed the reorganizing of the Workingmen's Bank to help all citizens alike, provided school facilities for bootblacks after work hours and promulgated a public domain law calculated to succor needy peasants.

Educational Program—Bulking large in his reform platform is the problem of instituting a vast educational program, for Venezuelans are illiterate to the extent of 57 per cent. To achieve his major aim, he looked around for a Venezuelan who combined patriotism with knowledge of foreign educational methods.

Dr. Rafael Ernesto Lopez . . . assigned to the task of enlightening Venezuela's masses

Last week, another of Caracas's native sons, Dr. Rafael Ernesto Lopez, well-known New York surgeon, announced that President Contreras had appointed him Minister of Education.

Describing himself as a liberal and a firm believer in President Roosevelt's "course of giving enough leeway to make the opinions of both Right and Left parties felt," Doctor Lopez will have $6,000,000 with which to turn out hundreds of teachers and put thousands of undernourished rural children in new, up-to-date schools.

For two months, Doctor Lopez studied the country's educational possibilities and neglected school system. In frequent conferences, Contreras assured him that the training of educated citizens was closest to his heart, and gave him a free hand to enlarge and modernize the school system.

"I am convinced," Doctor Lopez said, "that the middle-of-the-road policy of President Contreras is the most democratic and liberal régime we have had so far. He wants every child to go to school, more teachers than soldiers. He is intent on enforcing the Venezuelan law which makes primary education compulsory between the ages of seven and fourteen. Unfortunately, the law has never been strictly enforced."

While Venezuela's area is as large as that of Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas combined, the population comprises 3,324,160 *llano,* highland, mountain and coastal plain dwellers, only 10 per cent. of whom are full-blooded Spaniards. Doctor Lopez estimates that at least 500,000 children should be made to attend school, tho actually primary school enrolment amounts to 120,000 and secondary 2,040.

To launch what is considered the greatest educational program in the country's history, Doctor Lopez is negotiating the purchase of scores of motorized trailers, trucks, moving-picture projectors and other popular devices.

These are to be borne in caravans by perambulating missions of experts, who will tour the villages and plantations and teach young and old the advantages of enlightenment.

Because of the acute shortage of teachers, Doctor Lopez plans to start normal schools for intensive training of instructors, while universities and colleges will be asked to include normal courses in their curricula.

In addition to this, a primary experimental school, to be known as Venezuela, will be founded next year.

Barefoot, ill-nourished, sparsely-clad schoolchildren of the countryside will get food, clothing and shoes. Instead of squatting on bare floors, they will have comfortable wooden benches, and their health will be regularly examined by the Department of Sanitation, which will coordinate its work with that of the medical division of the Ministry of Education.

Cleanliness and hygiene will be encouraged, not only among children but also among the parents.

Teachers Sought—By the end of this year, Doctor Lopez not only hopes to turn out hundreds of teachers but, what he considers just as important, he will make a nation-wide appeal to the women of Venezuela in an effort to interest them in teaching and in sending their children to secondary schools. He believes the women of his country could do a great deal in inspiring a great educational movement.

Unsatisfied with sheer book knowledge, Doctor Lopez plans to form what he calls Social Vision Missions, which will include carefully trained men and women who will be scattered throughout the Andes country to teach their young wards "the realities of life" and enable them to choose their future careers.

Beginning with the teachers themselves, the virtue of right living will be stressed, and they will be required to join the *Casa de Ahorros de Maestros* (Teachers' House of Thrift).

Himself a refugee from Gomez's tyranny at the age of twenty-seven, the American-trained surgeon has labored in New York during the past fourteen years, devoting many hours of his spare time to the study of the latest educational methods.

To extend the scope of his work beyond Venezuela, Doctor Lopez has already invited several Central American countries to a Caribbean conference of Secretaries of Education, hoping to unleash a revival of social improvement among Latin Americans.

Already Cuba and Panama have ac-

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Black Star

The lure of peace days

cepted his call for such cooperation "in principle."

While Doctor Lopez insists that his new Chief rule with a firm hand only pending the "transitional period," critics of the Contreras régime are equally insistent on calling it a dictatorship. They cite the recurrence of strikes, especially in the oil-fields of Maracaibo, which the Government suppresses with Federal troops. At the same time, they charge he has discouraged the formation of political parties.

The Government retorts that strikes are instigated by Communists whose ringleader, Jovito Villaba, a university student and Deputy-elect, was recently deported and his lieutenants cast in the Puerto Cabello Prison.

"Leftists claim," according to the United Press, "opposition to the Government is impossible under the present practise of fining all newspapers which publish any criticism. But officials insist the Government must guarantee internal tranquillity in order to concentrate on the national reconstruction program sponsored by President Contreras. They assert, however, that 'constructive critics' must be stimulated while extremism is suppressed."

TOMMIES WOOED: Concessions Made to Get Youths in British Army

Every month, Britain tries to lure 4,000 young men into the Army. They trickle in so slowly, however, that the War Office refuses to tell the number of applicants, much less that even greater national scandal, the number rejected as physically unfit.

Two years ago, recruiting officers had to turn down two men out of three; last year, by lowering the standards, they brought the percentage down to almost one in four. Meanwhile, Maj. Oliver Stanley, Education Minister and son of the sporting Earl of Derby, is launching a tremendous "fitness" campaign. By 1940, he hopes to spend $12,000,000, plus $875,000 annually for running expenses, on gymnasiums, playing-fields, swimming-pools and a national college for teachers, to conduct "physical training, recreation and allied activities."

Recreation, of course, is only a side issue: If the war that shadows British statesmen day and night holds off for three years, they hope that fewer flatfoots, fewer consumptives, will rally to the defense of Old England.

Probably no more splendid physical specimen could be found to sponsor the Government's program. Heir to the "uncrowned King of Lancashire," Stanley represents the best type of democratic Tory. "He really believes," according to the Socialist Harold Laski, "that patience and good-will can overcome the barrier between classes, that the Empire, with, of course, minor faults, has been an unmitigated force for world good, that our foreign policy has been a consistent search for mutual advantage."

Defending the health program, Stanley told the Commons in his cool, sincere way: "It is not meant, and never was meant to be a plan to deal with nutrition."

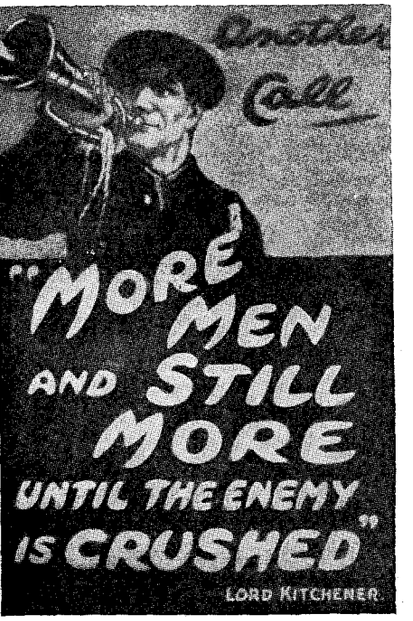
Malnutrition—But there, according to many experts on public health, is where Britain's trouble lies. For the boys now entering their twenties were pinched in infancy by the War food shortage which, tho it did not reduce them to the starvation level the Allied blockade imposed on German and Austrian children, still handicapped them physically. Moreover, many rejected applicants come from families who have lived on the dole for years, lived on an average diet which permits meat only on Sundays, with porridge, cabbage, potatoes, two eggs, day-old bread and tea the mainstay of week-day meals. No milk, no green vegetables, no fresh fish, no coffee or cocoa.

Actually, the Army eats better. For breakfast it gets tea, bread, bacon, Rangoon beans with tomato-sauce. For dinner, baked meat—or the stew called "toad-in-the-hole"—boiled potatoes, cabbage and pie. Tea consists of bread, margarin, sardines and jam.

To spur recruiting, Alfred Duff Cooper,

Wide World

Major Stanley launches a "fitness" campaign



The challenge of war-time

War Minister, recently arranged for supper, too, since sailors get four meals a day. The Admiralty explained that the sea air made them hungrier, but when the Minister learned that they drew the extra meal on land as well, the argument fell flat.

Instead of the rum the Navy draws from a tub labeled "The King, God bless him," *Tommy Atkins* will drink milk. The half-ounce margarin allowance will be supplemented by an ounce of fresh butter a meal.

In this new sissy Army—haunted by the shades of Kipling's "sergints," civilians will be hired to peel potatoes, shine boots and scrub canteen floors.

Shabby tin barracks, condemned long before the War, are now as doomed as kitchen police fatigue.

Uniforms Supplied—Formerly each man bought his own dress uniform, a good-looking dark blue outfit minus the hated puttees. Henceforth the State will supply it, starting with 60,000 in time for the Coronation next month.

Under the lowered physical standards, the "horse and foot" class still consists of old-style front-line troops, but the mechanized division, tho it leads a hard life, accepts men with flat feet, since no marching is required. The easier mechanized transport class includes men whose vision at least permits them to drive trucks. The lines-of-communication class is the catch-all for previous rejects capable of working as hospital orderlies, clerks and mechanics. Flatfoots now get orthopedic treatment, and underweight recruits go to barracks at Aldershot and Canterbury for milk and special food.

The poor, who could find temporary security in the service, object that after six years, particularly in the Indian Army, men emerge entirely unsuited for any other employment. To answer them, authorities and practically the entire British press are now urging employers and trade-unions to give preference to ex-soldiers. Vocational training is also being given to recruits on a small experimental scale.

A certain desperation lies behind all these measures, because if the Army can

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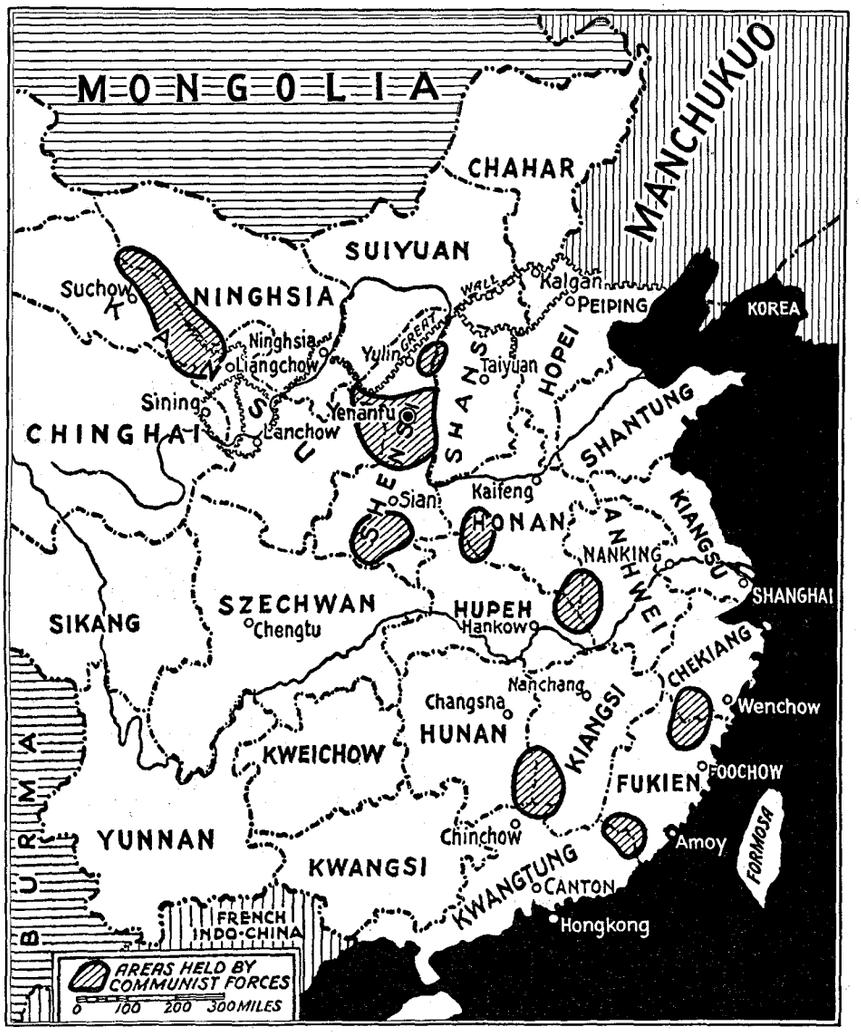

Courtesy New York Times

"Red" spots on the map of China

not fill its ranks with volunteers, the country will have to resort to compulsory training. This system, which rules the Continent, is historically so repugnant to the British spirit that authorities fear they could enforce it only at the cost of riots and bloodshed.

Meanwhile, due to the War Office's secrecy, the public still does not know how many undernourished youths are responding to a program which, in the end, can only fatten them up for the slaughter.

SIANFU PACT: Chinese Accept Communism to Oust Old Feudal System

Breaking of the nine-year news blockade which kept it unknown to the outer world reveals China's hinterland "Soviet Republic" greater in power than was believed, but only a pale pink in color.

Of Marxism, "Das Kapital" and communal ownership of property the Chinese "reds" are reported by the New York *Times's* Anthony Billingham and the London *Daily Herald's* Edgar Snow, among the first to visit them, to know and care very little.

Since Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek, using them as long as he needed them, turned against and "purged" China's so-called "reds" from his ranks in 1927, the greater body of them have formed a slowly moving armed State in China's interior as inaccessible as the fastnesses of Tibet.

The Generalissimo's standing offer of $250,000 reward for the capture or assassination of No. 1 "red" Mao Tse-tung caused the itinerant State to sift its would-be visitors with care.

And the existence of a death-penalty for any "red" caught within the Central Government's areas made it difficult for the back-country State to send emissaries to the interior.

Mystery Solved—One thing only was positively known: that tho Chiang Kai-shek pursued them with 600,000 of his best troops for years, he could never obliterate them or drive them out of China, tho he drove them no less than 8,000 miles within it.

Since the compromise of Sianfu, negotiated to obtain the release of the Generalissimo last Christmas from his kidnaper, "Young Marshal" Chang Hsueh-liang, much of the mystery concerning China's hidden, so-called communist State has been dissipated.

"The gate to communism is opened," said No. 2 "red" Chou En-lai to Billingham at Sianfu. "The Chinese Government can never close it."

To Edgar Snow, who lived with the "communists" for months, it became increasingly apparent that "communism" was a misnomer; that, in fact, completely at variance with communist practise, the policy has been to allot the land within their area to the farmers unqualifiedly as private property.

Absentee landlordism, usury usually practised by the landowners in the capacity of money-lenders, and outrageous and insupportable taxes, are admitted even by the Central Government to be the curse of China's peasantry.

Landlords in Flight—In the so-called communist areas, these have been eliminated, generally speaking, by the flight of the landlords and corrupt tax-gatherers before the oncoming "red" armies, or by their somewhat summary execution if they did not flee in time.

Distressing as this has been to the infinite minority of "gentry" in these regions, it has been welcomed with unlimited enthusiasm by the hard-pressed peasantry, who for the first time in memory have been able to till their tiny acreages for their own profit.

"My parents were poor. Our farm was less than an acre, not enough to feed me and my sisters," one of the young soldiers explained to Snow.

"When the red army came, the peasants welcomed them. The landlords ran away and the land was redistributed and the people were glad. The red army did not rob and beat the people like the white armies."

Tragedy, which stalks everywhere in China, had touched nearly all with whom Snow conversed. Some had had their homes burned and plundered by armies of the old style war-lords. Others had fled from slavery into which they had been sold as children.

Escape Old System—With little or no conception of doctrinaire communism or socialism, they were conscious only of the fact that they were escaping, and aiding others to escape, a system of land tenure, graft and local oppression under which Chinese farmers have groaned since time immemorial. Nearest parallel—tho not very near—seemed the distribution of land to the French peasantry after the French revolution of 1789.

Mao Tse-tung, forty-four-year-old Chairman and leader of the "communist" State, Snow found to be a sturdy peasant educated at the Pekin National University, married to one of its professor's daughters, able, humorous, tireless, well-informed on Western affairs, hard-working, a skilful administrator, but in no sense regarded by his followers as a demigod.

Personal idiosyncracy: He loves pepper; even has it cooked in his bread.

Relieved of the misleading "red" label, the hinterland State, with its scattered dependencies in various parts of China, becomes a Nationalist State, its foreign policy a united front—with Chiang Kai-shek—against foreign aggression (mainly that of Japan); its domestic policy, ownership of the land by the peasantry, primary education for the children of the peasantry, abolition of the usurious and extortionate practises of the ancient landowning and official classes.

The "reds" maintain communication between the scattered areas under their rule by modern radio telegraphy. Discipline of their troops seemed to be excellent and conspicuously free from the indiscriminate plundering and abuse of the population characteristic, not of Chiang Kai-shek's personal army, but of the local war-lords who since the revolution of 1911

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have governed (and bled) huge areas of the country.

The farmers under the "red" Government were openly pleased with it. And even white missionaries described it as preferable to what had preceded it.

INDIA VOTES: Election Result Seen as Triumph Against British Rule

It was a grand picnic, a gala day for six millions of India's black-shrouded, heavily veiled *zenana* and *purdah* women who rubbed elbows with their *sari*-clad, low-caste Hindu sisters.

From eleven thickly populated Provinces, India's daughters joined the *pan**-chewing caravan of 30,000,000 colorfully dressed Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs, Parsees, Buddhists and Brahmans to the yellow ballot-boxes.

Awed by the momentous silence, thousands fell on their knees, salaamed reverentially and paid their *puja*, to the merriment of helmeted British constables and black-uniformed sepoys.

During the first two weeks of February, Indians voted for the new All-India Constitution, which the Government of India Act of 1935 authorized to federate the country and grant it partial autonomy.

Last week, Britain's Indian Empire became a federation of States and Provinces as of April 1. Contemplating the change, Lord Linlithgow, who gained the Viceroyalty for his efficient work in helping frame the Constitution, philosophically termed it "an experiment in representative Government which, for breadth of conception and boldness of design, is without parallel in history."

New Leader—Interpreted as a triumph against the British *Raj*, the change crystallized Mahatma Gandhi's dream of an independent India. But only in part, for, tho officially out of politics, the Mahatma still throws the weight of his prestige behind the All-India Nationalist Congress* and its extreme Socialist President, Jawaharlal Nehru.

Brahman-born, educated in fashionable Harrow, Nehru gave up his rich inheritance and threw in his lot with the Nationalists, who elected him their leader when Gandhi retired to elevate the downtrodden *ryots* and village workmen. From the first, he denounced the Constitution, which, he said, "would inevitably mean a kind of partnership with British Imperialism in the exploitation of the Indian masses."

His Party disagreed, called his views communistic and found them unsuited to India's tradition-bound Hindu and Moslem living. But his fire and self-sacrifice awed them and enlisted substantial Moslem support of the predominantly Hindu Congress Party.

Using ultramodern publicity methods, Nehru's party machine dotted Hindustan with nationalist branches, sent soap-box orators to harangue villagers, thundered against Britain, howled for out-and-out *Swaraj* (self-rule) and wakened the *ryots* against the wealthy *zamindars*.

Tireless, golden-tongued, he used an air-plane to stump the country, reaching the remotest of villages. Most brilliant of his battery of orators was portly Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, poet, orator and patriot. The ill-clad, hungry masses listened grimly, resolved to down British rule, deeming the speakers messengers of the Mahatma.

Vote—Scattered over an area three-fifths the size of the United States, yet having about three times its population, Indians *trekked* by bullock-cart, American automobile, *gharries* and barefoot to the polling-places. Illiterate to the extent of 90 per cent., they recognized their candidates by such symbols as elephants, lotus-leaves, bicycles, umbrellas; voted mostly according to their communal standing.

The Congress Party obtained heartening majorities in the important Provinces of Madras, Bombay, the Central Provinces, Behar and Orissa and the United Provinces, Nehru's own State, where the Agricultural Party of powerful landlords met a humiliating defeat. It failed of clear majorities in Bengal, Assam and Northwestern Frontier, but still constitutes the largest single group there.

Jubilant, Nehru banked on coalition tactics in the States of native rulers and princes, who fill 50 per cent. of the Upper Legislature, to enlarge his following. In the Punjab, however, Sir Sikindar Hyat Khan's Unionist Party of Moslems and Sikhs proved hard to buck, while in highly populated Bengal, the Proja Party and the powerful Moslem League won the day for most of India's 77,677,545 Mohammedans.

Legislative Control—With six out of the eleven Provinces neatly captured, Nehru's followers look confidently to controlling provincial legislatures and a strong rôle in the federal chambers. Tho the Party gained 714 out of the 1,585 seats (including twenty-four for the backward area and tribes, 482 for the Moslems and forty for women), the opposition is split by religious or caste differences into several Parties whose constituents vote as communal electorates of Sikhs, Moslems, Indian Christians, Anglo-Indians and Englishmen.

Completely routed was C. Y. Chintamani's once strong Liberal Party, on which English Tories rested their hope for a "loyal" India.

Taken completely by surprize, bejeweled native rulers and princes felt misgiving at the radical change. Voicing their alarm, J. H. Morgan, K. C., Legal Adviser to the Princes, reported to the Chamber of Princes' Chairman, the mighty Maharaja of Patiala: "A federal union means irrevocable surrender of sovereignty."

*Betel-leaves stuffed with aromatic ingredients, which Indians constantly masticate.

*Membership fees are four *annas* (about nine cents). The Party was founded in 1885 by English sympathizers to help register Indians' political views.

HITLER INDICTED: Vatican Charges Nazi With Failure to Keep Concordat

In a German parish house, nestled under the cross of the Roman Catholic Church, the door-bell pealed loudly late at night. The pastor, doubtless expecting a sick call, struggled sleepily to the door, grasped at an outstretched envelop and watched his

Nehru and his chief stumper, Madame Naidu, preached independence from Great Britain to 6,000,000 Indians and swung their vote

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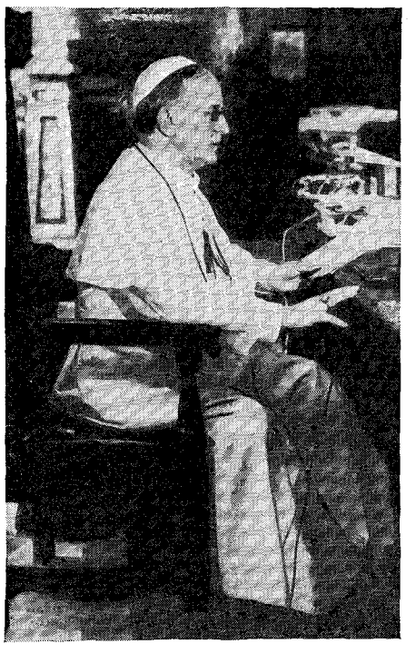
sudden visitor drive quickly into the darkness.

Thus, with a secrecy which mystified even the dreaded Secret Police, Catholic laymen distributed a letter from His Holiness Pope Pius XI, and Sunday morning every pulpit rang with the Pontiff's bitter charge that Germany had broken another treaty—the Concordat. How the encyclical arrived in the country no one knew for sure, but correspondents suspected an air-plane which landed mysteriously in Munich, headquarters of that old warrior, Michael Cardinal von Faulhaber.

The Concordat, signed in 1933 by the Vatican and the infant Hitler régime, guaranteed to the church the right to continue its schools and social activities, tho political organizations like the Catholic Center Party were doomed under Nazi efforts to form a totalitarian State. But even social organizations, such as boys' clubs, have practically disappeared with



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A written proclamation from Pope Pius sped quietly through the night to German Catholics

the pressure which forces youngsters into the Hitler Youth and drills them on Sunday mornings when Catholic boys should be at mass.

Vote for Secular Schools—Recently, a few bold prelates have complained more bitterly against the efforts to close their schools. In a series of elections, numerous Catholic communities have voted in favor of secular education. Even the recovered Saarland, where Catholics outnumber Protestants nearly three to one, last week turned down the parochial system by the incredible vote of 97 per cent. Pastors insist that secret elections, and a campaign of terror, explain the Nazi victory.

Palm Sunday, Pope Pius added his voice to theirs. "Whosoever had preserved in his soul a vestige of love for truth and in his heart even a shadow of a sense of justice will have to admit," he said, "that in the difficult years so charged with incident which followed the Concordat, each one of our words and each of our actions had as its norm fidelity to sanctioned accords.

"But he will have to recognize also with amazement and inward repulsion how, from the other side, there arose as an ordinary rule distortion of facts, their evasion, their voiding and finally their more or less open violation. . . .

"With pressure veiled and open, with intimidation, with promises of economic, professional, civil and other advantages, the attachment of Catholics, especially of certain classes of Catholic government employees, to faith is exposed to violence as illegal as it is inhuman."

Still pleading for peace and without denouncing the treaty, His Holiness warned: "But if, through no fault of ours, peace is not to be, then the Church of God will defend its rights and liberties in the name of the Omnipotent whose arm, even to-day, is not shortened."

Charge Interference—Furious that the Pope had been able to reach his adherents from the pulpit, Nazis charged him with interference in Germany's internal affairs. Hitler's own *Voelkischer Beobachter* raged: "Even a treaty with the Holy See is no sacrosanct, unassailable and permanent thing in itself; it must observe a living evolution if it is not to become powerless. An appeal to German loyalty can ring convincingly only when it comes from the mouths of those who in word and deed acknowledge the sovereignty of the German people as final. German loyalty does not mean loyalty to the letter of a treaty even to self-destruction."

The Foreign Office, agast that this scrap-of-paper argument came when new treaties are under negotiation, succeeded in pulling the editorial from later editions.

Some Germans hinted that, if the Pope did not denounce the treaty, Hitler would. Meanwhile Protestants benefited from the row. The scheduled election for the reorganization of their church was postponed and, by a truce rare in Nazi history, they got permission to maintain the *status quo* indefinitely. They owed it to the ex-Catholic at Berchtesgaden, who planned to deal with his former coreligionists first.

DOVE'S DEFENSE: Geneva Prepares for Air Attack as Europe's War Machines Grind

Cautious Joseph A. C. Avenol, Secretary-General of the League of Nations, drew a nervous hand across his bald brow last week; agreed to the throwing of a master electric switch.

The world's last defense against outbreak of war, the Palace of the League of Nations, begun with exalted ceremonies in 1929, and opened for general use only a year ago, was subjecting itself, at the demand of the Swiss Government, to the supreme humiliation of a test "black-out" against air-raids.

With a faint hiss, copper parted from copper. Every light in the mammoth $5,000,000 Citadel of Peace, including the shaded reading-lamps in the million-dollar Peace Library wing given by America's John D. Rockefeller, Jr., blinked out.

To a goggled Swiss pilot peering from his plane droning high above, the great building 500 feet longer than the Capitol at Washington was almost invisible. Its sprawling flat, gray roof blended perfectly with the dark hillside below.

Where it was, the pilot knew. Lake Geneva shimmered, its contour known to every war-pilot in Europe. Nothing could hide it; and the sharpness of its outline gave away every secret of the once Swiss, now international, city curved around its western end.

Down to Business—When, in a few seconds, the lights of the Palace and the City flashed on again, sundry committeemen grinned wanly at one another, and resumed the activities occupying the League in the spring of 1937.

Over one table, men dickered desultorily at settling a minor dispute between France and Turkey over the fate of the Syrian city of Alexandretta (LITERARY DIGEST, January 16). Over another, delegates from eleven countries were wondering what they could do to remedy the paradox of hunger and plenty in the world. A field committee back from Java was completing a report on the slave trade in women and children. They had found it somewhat decreased.

The League economic section was busy over the problem of equable distribution of raw materials, Italy and Germany, chief complainants in the case, ironically absent from the discussion. Under way were preparations for an international sugar conference to meet in London; and Prof. C. J. Burkhardt, modern language history lecturer of the University of Zurich, was trying to adjust himself to his recent League appointment as High Commissioner to turbulent Danzig.

Dormant if not dead were all major projects of disarmament and war prevention.

The next morning war-fliers over a score of countries from the North Sea to the Mediterranean, glancing from their maps to the landscapes below, checked their flights on the ruins of seven centuries of Europe's defenses. Those crumbling brown towers overgrown with vines were what remained of twelfth and thirteenth century feudal castles built on green or snow-covered hilltops, with high, thick stone walls and crenelated battlements to protect minute fiefs immediately around their feet. Wherever, in Germany, France, Italy, northern Spain, Switzerland, Austria or Hungary, fertile fields, watercourses and fortifiable hills were near each other, such ruins crowned the eminences.

Use to Airmen—Impregnable they were until black powder and rude cannon made by the middle-class artizans and rented to kings or rival lords shattered in a few hours walls which had resisted sappers and battering rams for generations. Final blow to all of them was the capture by Charles II in the one year of 1450, with artillery, of every feudal castle in Normandy.

Equally useful now (as fliers' landmarks, tho like the castles, too overgrown with greenery to please these squinting war-birds) were the star-pointed bastions built about City-States from 1700 on through two centuries. Only geometrical designs now, serving evening strollers as public parks, their low escarpments, counterscarps and bulwarks jutted out like spear-points to leave as few "dead-angles" as possible in which attackers of their day could hide from short-range artillery. Obsolete as any lay the complicated works of master siege engineer Sebastien le Prestre de Vauban who,

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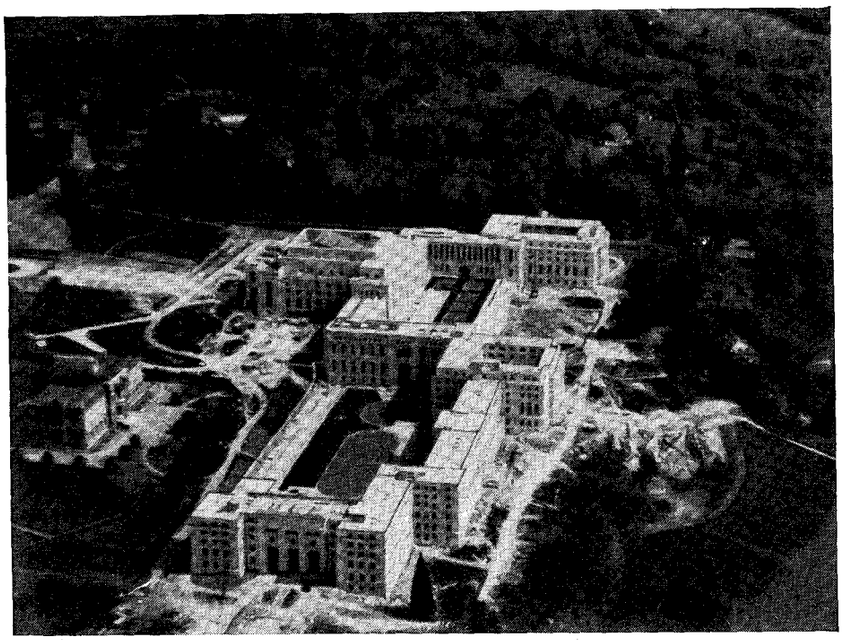
in his seventy-four years won forty-eight sieges and fortified 160 strongholds. Longer ranges had reduced them to decorative futility.

Amusing, too, to rehearsing bombers are the next defense systems of detached fortresses, miles outside old city walls, designed to fend off ground armies with growing siege-trains. Their whole evolution, ending in 1914, lay clearly mapped. Those which gave way at Liége, Namur, Maubeuge were visible only as vain, weed-grown heaps of shattered concrete; those at Verdun, which held, as pitted knolls of cement and stone.

Last October, gloomy portent of the destruction of Europe's cultural treasures, the League of Nations warned museums of the Continent to place art on a war footing. It recommended bomb-proof structures for paintings, the drilling of museum staffs in swift removal of art treasures to shelter, of cathedral staffs in dismounting their priceless windows, of



Wide World

League of Nations . . . white palace of peace before it camouflaged its glistening roof and constructed a master switch to "black out" telltale lights at night

other staffs in banking sand-bags about statues, bas-reliefs and architectural art works too big to move.

Once, Geneva might have served as sanctuary for both statues and men. But now the City of Peace has heard the warning that the invader means to come that way; now it is just like every other city from Edinburgh to Aden—a city afraid of the dark.

BITTER SPANISH PILL:

Mussolini Annoyed by Gibes at Defeat of His Iberian Legions

For Benito Mussolini, the bitterest seven days since he marched on Rome in 1922 were those of Easter week.

Hustled abruptly from Libya to Rome by Britain's violent reaction to his boast that he was "protector of Islam" (world copyright to which title is held in London), *Il Duce* was met in his Capital by further British gibes at the rout of his green but fully mechanized divisions in Spain.

"Second Caporetto," sneered British editors, while British bishops denounced as barbarism the massacre of 6,000 Ethiopians at Addis Ababa in reprisals for a hand-grenade attack on Mussolini's Viceroy.

"Revenge!" he roared from his balcony to black-shirted thousands in the Piazza Venezia celebrating the eighteenth anniversary of the founding of his street-fighting units.

"We waited forty years to avenge Adowa (1896 Italian rout in Ethiopia), but we avenged it. . . . Remember and prepare."

Tired Lions—"Italians became tired of 'living like lions' long before the Ethiopian War ended," explained the New York *Herald Tribune's* John T. Whitaker, "and even less than others do they like to die for a country which is not theirs."

Knowing only vaguely that some disaster had overtaken lads commanded to volunteer for service in Ethiopia, then shipped to the civil war in the Iberian Peninsula, Italians were stricken with alarm at the unexplained violence of *Il Duce's* thunder.

To add to Mussolini's bitterness, Hitler's Government was censuring him because he had found no way to prevent the Vatican from smuggling the anti-Nazi Papal Encyclical into Germany. And Austrians were furious because, in making unexpected concessions to Yugoslavia in a pre-Easter treaty, he seemed to be deserting them.

And in Belgrade, the very day *Il Duce's* son-in-law and Foreign Minister, Count Galeazzo Ciano, signed an agreement to suppress agitation hostile to Yugoslavia, a mob of Belgrade students smashed the windows of the Hotel Srpski Kral, filled with Italian delegates and journalists, shouting: "Down with Mussolini!"

Red Flag—In Spain, fifty-seven of the black-shirted Italian boys who had fled, lost in a strange country, straight into the Spanish Government lines, suddenly burst into song—not the Fascist *"Giovanezza"* but *"Bandiera Rossa"* (the Red Flag), when they found they were not to be shot.

For forty-eight hours after the No. 1 Lion roared, Europe rang with alarmist reports.

"Mussolini will send an army to Spain. He must, to restore his damaged prestige. He has twenty-two transports ready, several crack divisions waiting"—thus ran one alarm. Others shuddered: "Britain will blockade the Spanish Coast, sink every Italian ship that tries to land."

Easter's relative calm permitted blood to cool. Even in Spain, there was little fighting. And, the week-end over, it was apparent that *Il Duce* might, just might, be persuaded not only to renounce the risking of more Italians in a war that was not his, but to withdraw those already there, provided some way could be found of saving his face.

Meanwhile, Government forces in Spain, still jubilant over the unexpected flight of the Italian forces, claimed a "second Guadalajara" 150 miles southeast of Madrid in a hard-fought defense of the rich mercury-mines at Almaden (LITERARY DIGEST, January 19).

Among the rugged ridges of the Sierra Morenas, they had beaten off eight consecutive attacks, one lasting three full days, and had again thrashed ten battalions of Italians rushed up to reenforce Rebel General Franco's flagging Moors.

Gloom—From Salamanca, Franco's Capital, New York *Times* Correspondent William P. Carney, who had predicted the fall of Madrid by Easter, wired:

"The high optimism prevailing a fortnight ago . . . has all evaporated. . . . One of the disappointments that wars are full of is now being felt on this side."

"*Il Duce's* legions were chewed up worse than is generally known," cabled veteran war correspondent Karl von Wiegand to Universal Service.

"The wiping out of Italy's mechanized divisions" von Wiegand added to their "chewing up." Depth of the gloom in Franco's camp he indicated by:

"The capture of Madrid is and has been the main objective of Franco strategy. All drives (there have been five) have resulted in failure; and these defeats have been serious blows to his prestige."

Wings

ATTACK ORDERS: André Malraux Seeks Aid for Loyal Air Corps

Skimming down from the gunpowder-grayed clouds of warring Spain, André Malraux last week did battle to loose American purse strings for the Loyalist cause. Lecturing in New York under the auspices of the liberal *Nation,* hopping off for Hollywood to tax the generosity of highly paid Left-wing writers, actors and actresses, the famous flier, author and archeologist is raising funds for his Loyalist squadron.

Moving about the country as fast as American planes can fly him, Malraux

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plans to speak before West Coast labor groups which he believes will prove as open-handed as were intellectuals* in the East. Like his lightning attacks on well-equipped Rebel airdromes, the trick is to get away fast, dodging the spies who doomed the *S.S. Mar Cantabrico.*

Airman's Day—Outlining a typical day with the Malraux Squadron fighting for Loyalist Spain, the French flier described two of his attacks:

"It is 4 A.M. in our sleeping-quarters when the phone rings. From his sound sleep, a man rolls over, rubs his eyes. Still half asleep, the man stumbles to answer it. The Minister of War is on the wire, giving the orders of the day.

"Pulling a blanket around him, the man, a pilot, listens, repeats: 'Visibility low. . . . Plan 6 o'clock attack on Salamanca airdrome. . . . '

"The rest of us begin stirring. Grumbling at the cold, we dress, gulp down black coffee, eggs and rye bread. Too ill-humored to waste words, we plan our attack.

"Outside, darkness is fading into a thick haze; the ground crew hauls out and tunes up our planes. Stiff in our flying-suits, we climb in. Six planes strong, we take off, head for the Rebel airdrome and let go our eggs. We have caught the Rebels unprepared. But by the time we have circled to drop another load, their antiaircraft guns have begun to warm up. Luckily, they can't get our range, and at 7 o'clock we are back taxiing up to our hangars. Before I can climb out of my plane, however, a grease monkey rushes up to me: 'A peasant is here,' he yells, 'who knows the location of the Olmedo hangar!'

"Eagerly, we gather around the anxious farmer; the Olmedo hangar has long been a threat to our base. An attack on it would relegate our first flight to a mere warming-up exercise. . . .

Possible Bait—"The thin-faced peasant is speaking to me: 'I escaped through the Rebel lines, Colonel,' he says. 'I told the village committee what I knew and they sent me here by auto.'

"Is the man lying? I look at my cohorts and see that they are wondering if he is not a fascist spy. Possibly we are being baited into a well-set trap. . . . There is one way to find out; we decide to take the peasant with us.

"With our planes refueled, bombs loaded into the racks, I give the peasant a helmet and put him in my plane. With my signal, the six bombers take off. The peasant, I notice, is frightened, all right, but it may be only because this is his first plane ride. We are soon over Madrid, and to make him feel better I point out the familiar landmarks, the Royal Palace and the Telephone Exchange Building. He seems relieved, and I begin to feel better about the venture myself.

"On we go, until I see the tiny houses of the peasant's village. I point it out to him: 'Don't you recognize it?'

"The peasant does not. So I dive down toward the church: 'Don't you recognize it?'

"The peasant stares hard at it, and as we circle at a lower altitude, the spell is broken. Yes, those are his fields over there, this is his town. From aloft, he explains, the big church had looked so small. He has no trouble, now, in pointing out to me the patch of woods he had described as the hiding-place of the Rebel airdrome. We head for it.

"Studying the gray forest closely, I soon discover a white ribbon. The runway for the fascist planes! I waggle my aileron in relief. We're onto the real thing, this time. We can see black dots moving across the white ribbon, Rebels running to their fighting-ships. If they get off the ground before we strike, their foreign ships will down the old transports we are using for bombers. We pull our bomb levers.

"For the second time that day, we are in luck—two direct hits on the enemy ships. As we dive to *strafe* the field, a terrific explosion seems to lift our ships a hundred feet. The fascist gas-tank has exploded; the hated Olmedo airdrome is finished. . . . "

*From 700 ardent admirers of his writings, exploits in the Far East and his political philosophy, Malraux collected $9,000 at his New York lecture. One good fighting plane, however, costs $35,000.

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Andre Malraux . . . from novelist to organizer of the Spanish Loyalist air-force

10 A.M.—Back at their hangar, the fliers again receive orders, an assignment to attack Rebel trenches. They are off, flying low and spraying the enemy lines with machine-guns. Antiaircraft guns answer them.

12 Noon—Two fliers have been wounded in the legs by the enemy; they are rushed off to the hospital; the remainder partake of a meal of beans, bread and wine—relax strolling about inspecting their planes, which are being repaired after the morning's encounters. Once they are in shape, ground crews get a ride aloft, learning the tricks of the fighting trade. The Loyalist air-force needs a constant supply of gunners and pilots. Casualties and desertions have caused the unit to fluctuate in number from 250 to as low as five. At the present time, the squadron averages sixty members.

5 P.M.—With no further orders coming through, the unit relaxes, playing its phonograph, drinking wine. The mercenaries, devoid of enthusiasm other than what they have for their pay checks, get drunk.

8 P.M.—Since the airmen must be up before dawn, lights go out.

Lights out—save the one in the commissary where Malraux, who somewhat resembles T. E. Lawrence of Arabia, sits writing. Where Lawrence won the friendship of the suspicious Arabs, fighting their battles, the thirty-five-year-old Frenchman has won the respect of the Annamite tribe of French Indo-China, the *coolies* of Canton and, recently, the peasants of Spain.

Career—Like Lawrence, Malraux was highly educated, began work as an archeologist, going into the Far East. Malraux chose to dig, however, in ruins of French Indo-China, making exciting discoveries about the days 4,000 years ago when Greek met Buddhist.

Eventually, however, he began to interest himself in the natives, helped them plead their causes before indifferent French officials. And as he became more insistent, the officials began to lose patience. They accused the archeologist of stealing some of the rare treasures he had discovered, charged he was smuggling stuff out of the country to his own profit.

In sultry Indo-China a trial was staged and, after a furious court battle, Malraux was found guilty of stealing pottery and statues he had unearthed. As he stood before the bar, a boy in his early twenties, he was condemned to eighteen months in the fetid local jails. He managed to appeal the case, however, received a hearing in France and was exonerated.

From France, Malraux struck out for China, where an unstable Kuomintang Government was beginning its rule over an unstable country.

Within a short time, he was Commissioner of Propaganda, telling a puzzled Western world about the muddled affairs of China. Daily, he held press conferences with ace reporters.*

Roaming Asia—In the following years, Malraux alternated between writing in France and roaming over southern Asia—Afghanistan, Chinese Turkestan, Persia—uncovering ruins. Over the hot sands of the Great Arabian Desert he jounced on camelback in 1934 to uncover, with Molinier, the archeologist, what reporters dubbed "the Ancient City of Sheba."

Meanwhile, his book, "Man's Fate," had received wide attention in France, winning the coveted Prix Goncourt, making his name known throughout the Western world. He left a post as Editor of France's largest book publishing house to go to Spain.

Four days after the Civil War had broken out, Malraux had addressed a meeting in Paris's Palais du Sport: "Who will come with me to Spain to start a Loyalist air-force?"

A hundred Frenchmen had responded, and Malraux, an experienced flier, had picked the best of them, idealists who believed in the Spanish cause; War fliers who liked the game; a handful of neurotics who craved excitement.

In Spain, Malraux mounted machine-guns in the windows of all transport planes the Loyalists could muster. In a week, he was fighting the modern ships of the Italians and Germans. The going was rough from the start. Mercenaries deserted; volunteers were wounded or killed; the neurotics began to crack.

Gradually, the ill-formed squadron became a crack military unit, skilled volunteers replacing the early enthusiasts.

*Vincent Sheean offers a vivid description of one of these conferences in "Personal History," his autobiography.

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HUMAN EYE IS HAPPIEST INVENTION

Science Aids in Bringing Optics to Perfection Peak

Last week, in Washington, members of the House District Committee wrangled over the provisions of a bill to require prophylactic eye treatment for all new-born infants in the District of Columbia. Three sessions of Congress have considered the bill, postponed action, leaving the District one of the few governmental units in the country which does not require the use of silver nitrate to prevent ophthalmia neonatorum, or blindness of the new-born. Source of controversy was a Senate amendment permitting treatment to be rejected on religious grounds. The bill finally was reported to the House with the amendment eliminated. Prophylactic eye-drops are credited with saving the sight of thousands of infants since Dr. Karl Crede discovered that birth-channel bacterial infections of the eyes often resulted in blindness.

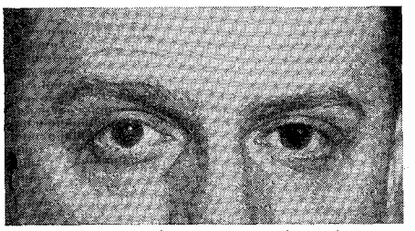
Mother Nature polished off her happiest invention the day she took a sphere about the size of a ping-pong ball, implanted therein a few optical gadgets whose analogs can be found in a dollar box camera, and labeled her product the human eye.

Nature practised a good deal on the animal kingdom before she perfected her *chef-d'oeuvre*. She gave the eagle a set of eyes which are virtual telescopes, able to distinguish tiny objects from incredible distances. And the zebra has eyes with horizontal pupils, the better to see while grazing with head to the ground. A bee distinguishes ultraviolet light to which the human eye is blind.

Insects have compound eyes particularly suited for seeing motion. The dragonfly's eye has 30,000 facets, each set at a different angle. Owls can see in semi-darkness. Fishes are specialists in underwater vision. Ages ago, Nature gave some of the huge reptiles a third eye in the back of the head to keep watch on danger from the rear. The device was even adapted to man, and to-day we carry a vestigial third eye in our bodies. Anatomists call it the pineal gland.

But man alone possesses an eye with vision sharp enough for reading and close work. Man also has the inestimable advantage of seeing things in three dimensions. To practically all animals, vision is a two-dimensional affair like a picture on a bill-board, with colors more or less absent —birds, for instance, can not see blues and violets.

Defective Eyes—For these advantages man pays a stiff price. Figures collected by the Better Vision Institute, Inc., indicate that 90,000,000 U. S. citizens have defective eyes; 85,000,000 of these can correct their eye difficulties, 34,000,000 have done so to the extent of wearing spectacles. At the age of forty, nearly half the population has defective vision, and at the age of seventy only 5 per cent. have reasonably normal eyes. Outdoor workers are likely to have better vision, but 53 per cent. of office workers, 75 per cent. of workers in such close-vision trades as the garment industry, have impaired eyesight.



The left eyes in these pictures have been retouched to show size of pupils and shape of eye (Above) Eyes of driver while car is standing still

Eyes of same driver when car is going 50 m.p.h.

Photos courtesy Doubleday Doran

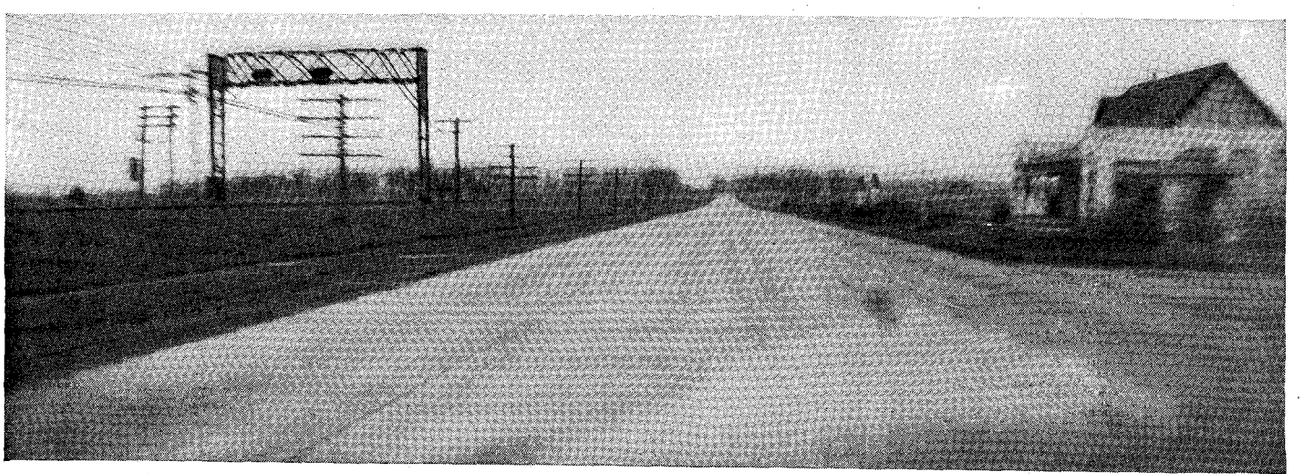
Eyes of same driver when car is going 65 m.p.h.

Taking care of these eye invalids is a sizable army of ophthalmologists, oculists, optometrists and opticians. Ophthalmologist and oculist are synonymous, except that the latter is pronounceable, hence more often used by the layman. "Eye physician" is a more descriptive term, for the oculist is a doctor of medicine who treats diseases of the eye as well as refractive errors. The optometrist is a specialist in prescribing glasses, is barred in most States from using drops in the eyes (belladonna, to enlarge the pupil, relax the eye), since he is not usually a doctor, but should be capable of recognizing diseased eye conditions which require a physician's attention.

The optician is the man who grinds lenses and makes optical instruments. Particularly spectacles. With a hoary history which dates back to the thirteenth century, spectacles as we know them to-day are scarcely older than a generation. All that ancient spectacles could do was magnify. Nero is supposed to have been near-sighted, using a magnifying lens set in an iron ring in his Colosseum box-seat to watch a lion masticate a Christian. Nero was probably born that way, for altho near-sightedness is by far the most common eye error to-day, it seems to be a product of modern conditions demanding tedious close work by the eyes.

Franklin's Gift—Spectacles did not become popular until the invention of printing. Eyes began to deteriorate after Gutenberg, at least to show the effects of reading strains. The Chinese wore huge tortoise-shell glasses centuries ago, as Marco Polo noted, but as the lenses were apparently plain glass, they did little but impart dignity to a mandarin. The first modern improvement in spectacles was contributed by Benjamin Franklin, who invented bifocals. He split lenses for close and distant vision down the middle, joined the two halves together horizontally, and had a lens which combined the virtues of two pairs of spectacles. The same principle is used to-day in bifocals and even trifocals.

Spectacle styles come and go. Fifteen years ago, tortoise-shell glasses were the rage. The fad swept in with the craze for *mah jong*. If you recall this venerable mass hysteria, *mah jong* was a Chinese game played with ivory cubes, involving things like flowers, winds and dragons; and tortoise-shell spectacle frames were harmonious with the Oriental influence. To-day, few shell or imitation frames are



A fairly accurate impression of what a broad highway looks like to a speeding motorist. This picture was taken at 73 m.p.h.

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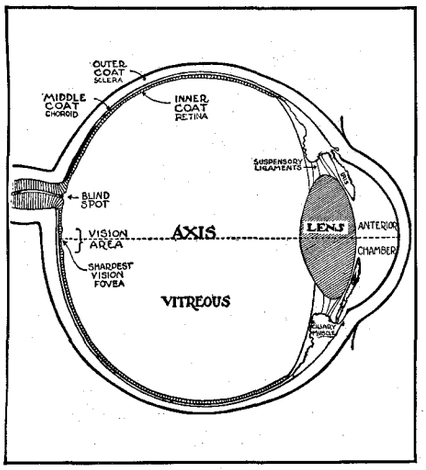
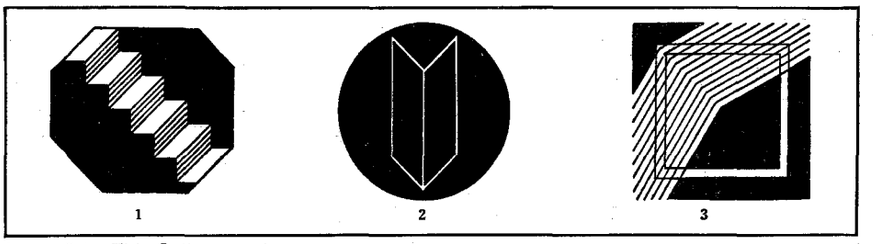


Natl. Soc. Prevention of Blindness

Diagram of the eye: reading is done in sharpest vision area



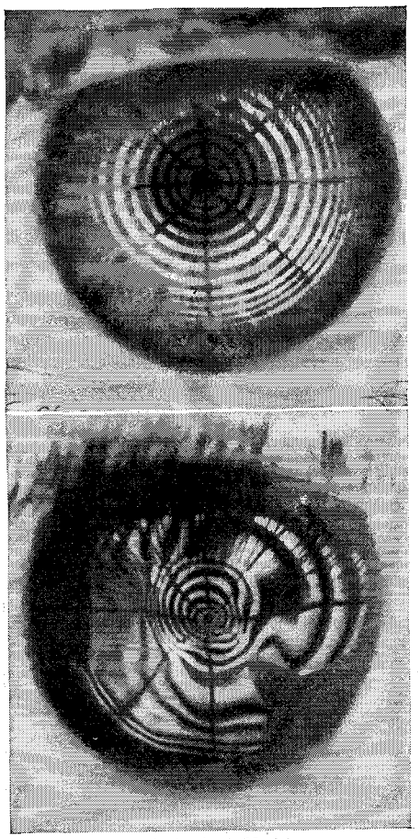
Courtesy Better Vision Institute

1—Movable stairway shifts its position from above the eye to below by focusing the attention
2—Inside angles are the same, yet the figure at the right seems larger
3—Inner figure is a square; apparent distortion is due to the obliquely angled cross lines

sold. For one thing, there aren't enough skilled workers in tortoise-shell; more important, shell-rimmed lenses don't break, as a rule, when spectacles drop to the floor, and opticians have a quite human liking for the repeat customer.

The good optician sells his customer the type of spectacle frame which will be least conspicuous on his face. Rimless lenses are increasingly popular, and the paired bridge has practically run the old-fashioned nose-piece off the reservation. Nowadays spectacles rest on either side of the nose on twin mother-of-pearl cushions. Many customers buy glasses in sets, for special purposes. Thus a woman will have her bridge glasses (twenty-inch focus), her reading glasses (fourteen-inch focus).

The male face is often improved by a well-fitted pair of spectacles. Masculine intelligence is subtly accented by glasses. The good optician can fit spectacles to distract emphasis from an off-side ear, an overlong nose, or too-jutting eyebrows.



Medical Exhibit, Rochester, by A. Marfaing

Astigmatism test chart reflected in normal eye (Bottom) same reflection in an astigmatic eye

Fitted at 10 Months—Babies as young as ten months have been fitted with spectacles, cry for them if mother forgets to put them on. Portrait painters past middle age often use exceedingly large bifocals, viewing the model through the top or distance focus of the lens, and the canvas through the lower half of the glass ground for arm's-length focus. *Grandma* lets her glasses slide down to the tip of her nose because she is far-sighted and sees more sharply when the lens is farther from the eye. The near-sighted person wants his spectacles as close to the eyes as possible for clearest vision.

For people who should wear glasses but won't, for reasons of appearance sufficient unto themselves, contact lenses are now available. These are hollow, shell-like lenses which fit over the cornea of the eye so snugly that they are for all practical purposes invisible. To put them on, the wearer fills the cup-like depression of the lens with saline solution (the salt water of tears), claps them over the cornea where the lens edges are firmly held by the eyelids. More expensive than ordinary glasses, contact lenses cost from $36 to $54 each.

Actresses and professional people find contact lenses particularly useful. Harold Lloyd is almost the only individual who ever made spectacles an actor's asset, and even he never wore lenses in his tortoise-shell frames. But in Hollywood to-day, a number of actors and actresses who must remain nameless wear contact lenses, find their vision improved and an immunity to eye-strain acquired from Kleig lights. The lenses filter out harsh ultraviolet rays which sear the eyeball.

Sees Audience First Time—One prominent New York actress who has been a stage star since childhood purchased a pair of contact lenses, wore them at the first night of her new Broadway play, and nearly collapsed from stage fright. It was the first time in her life she had ever seen her audience as anything but a formless blur. Last season, in New York, three debutantes wore contact lenses to their weddings. Did the bridegrooms know?

The optician, or any other observant person, finds the eyes a handy index to personality. The chap who wears a thick glass which makes his eyes look smaller is near-sighted and practically certain to be studious. If he takes off his telltale lenses, the expert can still discern his eye defect. The near-sighted eye is usually larger than average.

Easily identified because it is large, moist and exophthalmic (polite medicalese for pop-eyed) is the slightly bulging thyroid eye. Usually it indicates an overactive thyroid gland which is playing hob with its owner's metabolism, making him nervous, excitable, emotional, with a high energy output. An extremely popular movie star whose eyes are slightly exophthalmic started a big-eye craze among young women a few years ago. Some of them actually took thyroid extract in the hope that their eyes would start to bulge, a practise both cosmetically and medically reprehensible. Much more common is the use of belladonna, a poison, to dilate the pupils, increasing, presumably, one's soulfulness.

Often the eye reveals a good deal more than its host would consider good cricket. The woman who has been twenty-nine years old for a decade reveals her secret the instant she holds a newspaper at arm's length to read the text. Far-sightedness normally creeps upon the normal man or woman around the age of forty.

Diseases Appear—Serious diseases frequently give their earliest manifestations through the eye. Pride goeth before a fall in the case of the middle-aged man who suddenly finds that his far-sightedness is diminishing to such an extent that he can throw away his glasses. Possibly his eye is responding to blood changes which warn of the onset of diabetes, creating a myopic or near-sighted condition.

A liverish eye betrays gall bladder disease or malfunction of the liver when the white of the eye turns yellow or jaundiced. The retina at the back of the eyeball, through which a network of living arteries and veins can be observed, flies early storm warnings for Bright's disease, anemia, leukemia. Brain tumors are sometimes indicated by raised and swollen optic nerves. Often, by looking into the eye, a diagnostician can tell whether or not an operation is necessary. He can tell, too, if the patient has been eating enough green vegetables. Vitamin A, contained in such foods, is present in the retina; if it is more or less absent the patient can't see after dark, is a victim of night blindness.

Man does not see by eyes alone. If it were not for the center of vision at the back of the brain, our eyes would be of no use to us. The brain has a complex job. Following immutable laws of optics, the eyes throw an inverted image on the retina. As far as the eye is concerned, we see things upside down, and if the brain did not in some way twist our visual images right side up, we would have to climb downstairs to reach the second floor. Also, each eye produces its own image and it is the task of the brain to fuse the two into one. There is no image on the retina, in the sense of a reflection in a mirror, for the retina is merely a nerve network

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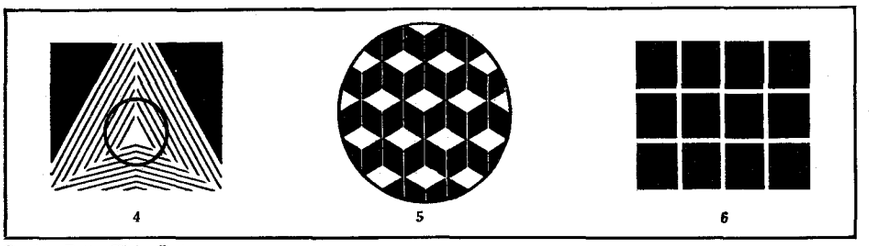


Courtesy Better Vision Inst.

4—Black line in center is a true circle; it seems distorted because of the underlying angles
5—Cubes appear to be above eye-level or below; white diamonds become the top or bottom
6—If you fix your eyes upon these squares, the white bars appear to be gray where they cross

capable of transmitting light sensations over the optic nerve to the brain. Pink elephants are created by an alcoholically assaulted brain, rather than a ribald retina.

Illusions—Optical oddities derive from the structure of the eye. Every one is familiar with optical illusions and the cry of the man with the three peas that "the hand is quicker than the eye." There is a good deal of truth in that venerable remark. As you read these words, for instance, your eye is blind part of the time. If you are a normally good reader, your eye pauses four or five times as it scans this line. As it moves from one stopping-point to the next, the eye is blind, for the human eye can see nothing while it is in motion.

For a different reason, the motorist with perfectly normal vision who races his car at seventy miles an hour is three-fourths blind. His eyes are focused so far ahead, on infinity, perhaps, that he actually doesn't see objects directly ahead of his car. If you don't believe it, ask yourself what happens to the black tar strips across a concrete highway as they race toward you at seventy miles an hour. The limitations of human vision, the reasons why many drivers never saw the bumps that killed them, are graphically explained by J. R. Hamilton and L. L. Thurstone in their thought-provoking new book "Safe Driving." (Doubleday Doran, $1.)

What the eye can and can not see is determined by its structure. Its anatomy explains the paradox: "To perceive a dim object, do not look at it." This axiom can easily be demonstrated on a starlit night. Select a faint star, turn the eyes slightly away from it, and observe how much brighter it becomes. What you have done is to focus the star's light upon a section of the retina best adapted to perceiving light.

Camera—The eye is the original camera, shaped like a globe, filled with a watery fluid to keep it from collapsing. The cornea is the transparent outer covering and beneath it lies the iris which gives the eye its color. In the center of the iris is the pupil, which seems black, actually is transparent, turns red as the light-beam of the ophthalmoscope is reflected from blood vessels at the rear of the eyeball. The pupil expands and contracts to regulate the amount of light admitted to the eye.

The crystalline lens is a transparent, flexible organ floating in the watery fluid at the front of the eyeball. Ciliary muscles change its shape, focusing near and distant light-rays sharply on the retina. These are the muscles which usually figure when an oculist talks of eye-strain, not those outside the eyeball which rotate it in its socket.

Thinner than the finest sheet of onion-skin, the retina is revealed under the microscope to consist of ten layers. It is transparent, reveals the fine network of arteries and veins behind it. Tiny rods and cones, so named from their appearance, cover the retina; there are some 130,000,000 of them, approximately equal to the population of the U. S.

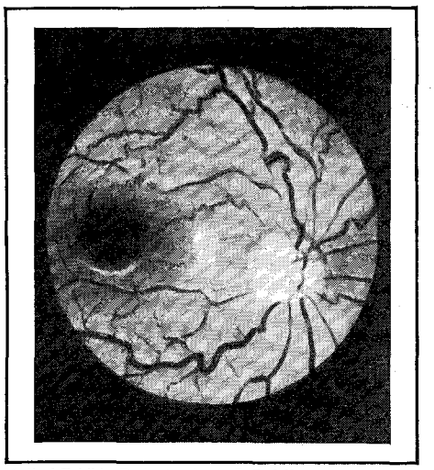
Significantly enough, there is one spot in the retina which contains no rods. From the presence of a yellow pigment, this tiny depression directly back of the pupil, in the region of the retina farthest from the cornea, is called the *macula lutea*, or yellow spot. It is the unique possession of the human eye. In this tiny area, and there alone, is vision acute enough for such close work as reading. When the eye looks at something intently, whether near or far, the image is focused on the yellow spot. Choose a word in the middle of this line; fix your gaze upon it. The words at either end of the line can not be clearly seen because their image lies outside the yellow spot, in the rod-studded area of the retina.

Why are there no rods in the yellow spot? Scientists believe that the rods give a clearer perception of light, the cones a perception of color. The exact functions of rods and cones are still imperfectly understood, as is the phenomenon of vision itself. The cones lack the layer of pigment overspreading the retina, known as visual purple. This pigment bleaches when exposed to light; a photochemical alteration takes place when light strikes the visual purple on the retina, and in some mysterious way the impulse is transformed into sight with the cooperation of the optic nerve and the brain.

Glasses Corrective—Altho glasses are by no means the only prescription for eye defects, they correct refractive errors which are most common. Practically all babies are far-sighted at birth, but the most common eye defect is near-sightedness, indicating that it is an acquired ailment. The eyeball is too long and the image is focused in front of the retina; concave lenses correct the error. By the time people reach the age of twenty, one out of five is near-sighted.

Far-sightedness results when the image is focused behind the retina, is corrected with convex lenses. Astigmatism is an irregularity of the cornea, a wrinkled effect, which blurs and distorts vision; a cylindrically ground lens corrects the defect.

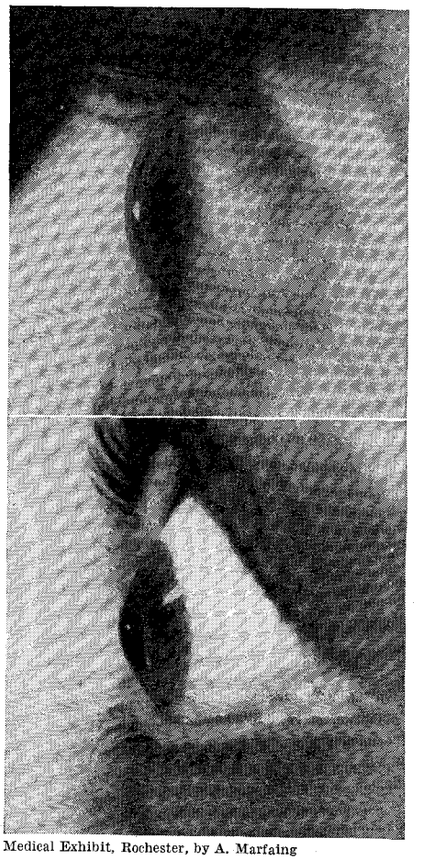
Cross-eyes or strabismus impose a psychological handicap on children which can usually be corrected if the condition is caught in time. One eye of a cross-eyed pair does all the work; the other turns inward, may gradually lose all ability of perception. If the squint is less than twenty degrees, spectacles are usually prescribed, incorporating a prism which enables the weak eye to work in harmony with its stronger brother. Orthoptic (straightening) training methods include such techniques as covering the better eye in an effort to force the weaker to do the seeing, looking into a machine in which dots revolve, to be watched by the eye. Operative treatment is a last resort; the object is to restore eye muscles to proper balance, for strabismus is primarily a muscular weakness.



Medical Exhibit, Rochester, by A. J. Bedell

View through retina: the wriggly lines are veins and arteries

In the old days when a stereoscope lay on every parlor table many persons took a course in orthoptic training without being aware of it. Staring through a stereoscope is excellent treatment for the cross-eyed. For the ordinary person who merely wants to take good care of a useful set of eyes, occasional rest periods are advised. Simply raise the eyes from close work and let them rest on some object twenty feet away, the eye lens being focused for this distance.



Medical Exhibit, Rochester, by A. Marfaing

Normal cornea is normally transparent, shaped like a watch crystal (Bottom) abnormal cornea

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Screen

REMADE "SEVENTH HEAVEN" IS A HIT

Simone Simon In Original Janet Gaynor Starring Part

Ten years ago, quivering with the then newfangled synchronized music but utterly innocent of speech, "Seventh Heaven," high-grade War treacle, burst upon a resistless populace which forthwith dissolved into tears.

In it, Miss Janet Gaynor played *Diane,* a waif ennobled by love, and Charles Farrell, with a becoming tumble of unshorn hair, played *Chico,* a very remarkable fellow. The film was released in May, 1927, and within six weeks Miss Gaynor was considered the greatest American girl since Betsy Ross, Farrell was considered little less heroic than, say, the Marquis de Lafayette.

Curiously, the deep impress made by those performances never has erased itself. The result, for the new version of "Seventh Heaven," with Simone Simon as *Diane* and James Stewart as *Chico,* will be a nation-wide comparison between the amiable pairs. It is possible to say that Miss Simon is not as good as was Miss Gaynor, that Stewart is better than Farrell.

Of itself, the film naturally is a vast technical improvement. Photography, synchronization of sight and sound, lighting and setting design all have vaulted miles beyond the limitations of 1927, a tentative year in the frightening experiment of sound pictures.

Fox Films Both—The early version was filmed by Fox, the present version is a child of the same, if changed, studio. It is now 20th Century-Fox that offers the picture.

"Seventh Heaven" belongs among the classics in the lachrymal school of drama. Like "Camille," it is a studied assault on the tear ducts and the beating heart. It is almost impossible to sit before it without a surge of emotion and a fine, gauzy flood of sentiment.

When Austin Strong wrote his War play it was about No. 1,118 in an increasingly fabulous and counterfeit series. Strong was sound dramatist enough to realize that to save it he must give it a twist no other playwright ever had considered. Therefore, he struck a heights and depths pattern, beginning his play in the sewers of Paris, ending it in a tiny, love-lit garret seven flights above the brawling streets of the Montmartre sector. In between, he wove a credible story of nobility, faith, patience, sacrifice and truth. All excellent virtues which for some reason appeal more to the emotions than to the intellect.

It was a sensational success in theater. It was another success in its first film version. Reasonably, it is certain to be a success once again.

Portraits—Stewart's portrait of the sewer man who yearns for promotion to the hose squad of street cleaners, who saves a battered street *gamin* from an unnamed but doubtless horrendous fate, and who achieves with her a soaring spiritual existence, is full-length, sensitive and amazingly moving. He brings a tremendous reality to the rôle and is in every respect admirable.

Miss Simon, first seen in "Girls' Dormitory," is eminently pleasing as *Diane.*

The stars receive excellent support from John Qualen, in the rôle of the *Sewer Rat;* Jean Hersholt as *Father Chevillon,* and J. Edward Bromberg as the star-gazing *Aristide.*

Film Ratings

These ratings represent a consensus arrived at by analysis of the comment of screen reviewers throughout the country. They are not arbitrary ratings set by THE LITERARY DIGEST Screen Editor.

AAAA—"The King and the Chorus-Girl"; "Lost Horizon"; "That Girl From Paris"; "The Plough and the Stars"; "The Good Earth"; "When You're in Love."

AAA—"Seventh Heaven"; "Fire Over England"; "A Woman Rebels"; "Camille"; "Black Legion."

The ratings are: *AAAA,* Excellent; *AAA,* Good; *AA,* Acceptable, and *A,* Poor.

MISS PINEAPPLE: "Waikiki Wedding" Stars Crosby, Burns and Martha Raye

Bing Crosby, a singer whose glottal woofle transformed the warbling habits of the nation's tenors, strikes better fare in "Waikiki Wedding," his new motion-picture for Paramount. For one thing, if no other, the loon content is not only better but funnier, and the music provided for the rubbery voice is a cut higher than recent scores which fell his way.

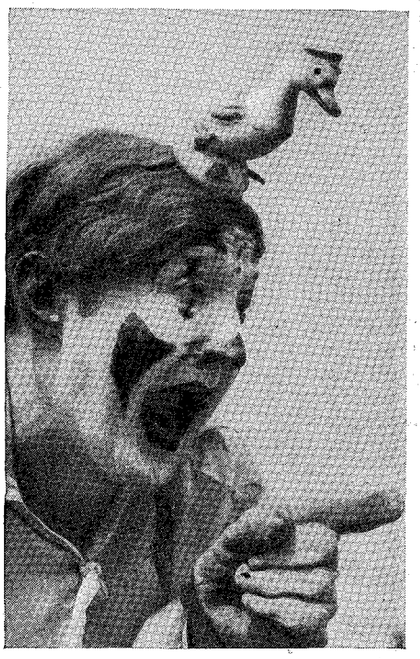
There isn't a soul alive who could take seriously more than any five minutes of the new picture. Indeed, its manufacturer is on a lofty plane of insanity. It must have risen, sped like a meadow lark, out of an informal but wise story conference.

It is almost possible to hear one of the four scenarists rising and saying: "Look, let's give him a story about a press agent for a Hawaiian pineapple company. He could stage a popularity contest in the States and bring the winner, Miss Pineapple, to Hawaii. The plan would be to have her write what a beautiful place she thinks the islands are. But when she gets to Honolulu, she doesn't like the place. She thinks it and all Hawaii are from nothing, see, strictly from nothing. So they have to kidnap her to keep her from debunking the place."

Tuneful Escapade—That, precisely, is the premise for this goofy musical tantrum, and it emerges at its harum-scarum end as a joyous, tuneful escapade. The story begins by being crazed, turns to the artful job of pointing jeering fingers at itself and ends by being completely enmeshed in madness.

Crosby sings with his customary mellifluous woofling, turning at least four of the eight numbers in the picture into something the air lanes and dance palaces will be banging out for weeks.

Miss Martha Raye, who has endeared herself to scores by yelling songs at audiences, continues this noisy technique and will, therefore, probably kindle the adoration of her fans all over again. For those who could do with a mite less exuberance, it is always possible to wait patiently until Crosby and the very funny Bob Burns go to work again. An actor with the fascinating name of Leif Erikson plays thunderous pranks with the rôle of a militant dentist.



Acme

Friendly Adolph Repenski guffaws as he points out features of the "Big Show"

© International

Young enthusiasts sit entranced by the topsyturvy antics of performers

Big Top

CIRCUS TIME: Travel Period Nears for Performers in Famous Ringed Shows

With words shrieking louder than any steam calliope, the official ambassador of spring has started his annual pilgrimage through the highways and byways of America. From New Britain, Connecticut, where he is said to have the biggest and

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best adjective factory in the world, Dexter Fellows has come forth with the news that "the most stupendous, the most colossal and the greatest show on earth" (see cover) has pulled up stakes in Sarasota, Florida, and hit the iron trail.

When Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Combined Shows starts its yearly tour of America, it is Dexter Fellows who conjures up pulse-quickening thoughts of hawkers crying their wares in a brilliantly lighted midway, of fat ladies, great snakes, clowns and: "Oh, mamma, can I give the elephant some peanuts?"

Blithely young at sixty-six, Dexter Fellows, with his lurid words, sets dull newspaper men to writing lyrical tales on typewriters which too long have dealt with sordid fact. But in far-off Sarasota, Florida, where the world's most famous press agent is supposed to have spent the winter teaching Ubangi ladies to play tiddledewinks on their platter lips, there is last-minute talk of another variety:

Chatter—"Say, Mac! Is Jimmy Whalen still on the big rag?"

"Yeah! An' you'd better sign on right away. We're nearly full up!"

Even more mysterious than the winter adjective brewing of Dexter Fellows, the doings of these canvas men out of season defy narration. Even Jimmy Whalen, boss canvas man for fifty-three years, who willingly informs you that the "big rag" is the "Big Top," can only say: "All I know is that they disappear, usually broke, about a week after we get to winter quarters in November. Somehow, somewhere, they survive the long winter and turn up here in the spring like a flock of homing pigeons. Back they go, year after year, to driving stakes and heaving up the bail rings in hook-rope teams. It's a screwy life!"

The nucleus of the circus crew, however, has been hard at work all winter in the Sarasota quarters. Men as skilled as any sailmaker prick fingers making up forty-odd sets of new canvas out of $90,000 worth of cloth. The Big Top, covering an area greater than two football fields, requires 150,000 square feet of canvas; the menagerie tent alone would cover a third. More big tents are necessary to shelter side-shows, stables, performers' dressing-rooms (temperamental stars often insist on tents of their own). And the dining-tent, 312 by seventy-five feet, would seat the biggest Rotarian banquet ever held. The making of new tents each year makes necessary the work of stripping the old ones of hardware and rope, cutting them up for sale to processers of water-proof tarpaulin.

In addition to canvas work, harness for 700 horses,* enough for a war-strength squadron of cavalry, has to be completely overhauled. A Noah's Ark of 1,000 assorted animals had to be fed and placed in condition for the yearly continental pilgrimage to New York and points north and west.

Roamers—Like the canvas men, most of the circus performers scatter when for the last time the tents are struck. A small portion, finding traveling costs prohibitive in playing winter vaudeville engagements, remain at Sarasota. The equestrian Reiffenbach family, for instance, would have to transport and care for ten horses and their equipment wherever they went.

Many acrobatic and trapeze acts make an annual winter trip to Europe, where indoor circuses have always been popular. Germany is the mother country of many circus acts. Performers, however, are finding her a none too bountiful one under the Hitler regime. Monetary laws make it nearly impossible for acts to get any money out of the country and show any profit for their two or three months' work.

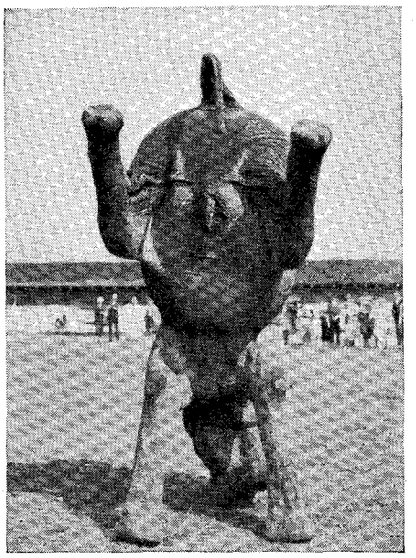
Circus folk, therefore, have found great joy in the sudden growth during the past winter of indoor circuses in America. Mystic Shriners have gone in for them in a big way, finding them one of the best ways of raising funds for charitable purposes. Shrine circuses were scheduled this winter for Grand Rapids, Michigan; Buffalo, New York; Rochester, New York; Des Moines, Iowa; Denver, Colorado; Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minnesota; Omaha, Nebraska; Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, and other key cities. Almost every type of act is now available, and the Veiled Prophet's Grotto in Cleveland, Ohio, earmarked more than $25,000 to be spent on its two-week circus in February.

The people of the tanbark and the high wire are becoming more finance-minded. Where it was once traditional for circus folk, like ball players, to turn up in the spring with pockets filled with ozone, rising consciousness of annuities and investments has been permeating the amusement world. No clown wants to steal the third act curtain of Frank ("Slivers") Oakley, as well-known at the turn of the century as Charlie Chaplin is to-day. "Slivers" Oakley, after making hundreds of dollars a week for years, closed his act in a New York hall bedroom filled with gas.

Strict Aristocracy—The tradition of the circus is that it has been a family occupation, with a strict aristocracy of top-notch acts handed down from generation to generation. The Colleanos, the Reiffenbachs, the Wallendas and the Rooneys claim membership in the circus back six or seven generations. Child labor laws, however, have forced children into schools for a certain number of months a year. This contact with "rubes" and "townies" has given rise to new interests; the son of Jenny Rooney, famous aerialist, for instance, this year completes a dentistry course.

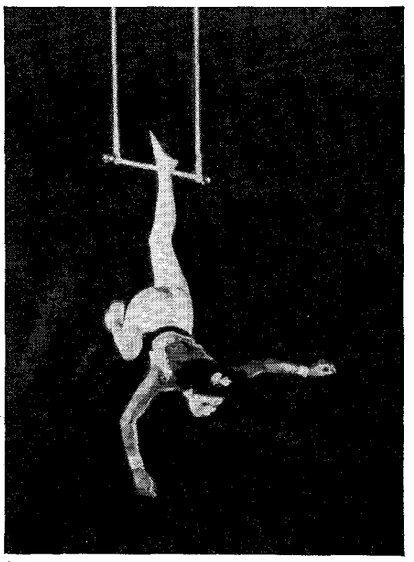
While some performers have made plans to settle down and spend their declining years in more enjoyable spots than the State farms, many circus people remain as happy, care-free and prone to extravagance as ever. For life in the circus has its luxuries. When the evening performance is well under way in the Big Top, it takes but half an hour to reduce the menagerie tent to stacks of neatly piled poles and rolled canvas; the Big Top comes down with a speed that shows the experience of half a century. Within ten minutes after the tents are struck, wagons are carting everything from dolls to lions off to the train.

There, in the twenty to thirty sleeping-cars of a good-sized circus, may be found perfectly equipped apartments, kitchenettes in which to cook midnight snacks, ice-boxes containing the makings of liquid refreshment. Each family of stars and executives picks out its own color scheme, has harmonious furniture and curtains. Con Colleano, star wire performer, and his wife insist on Oriental rugs, davenports



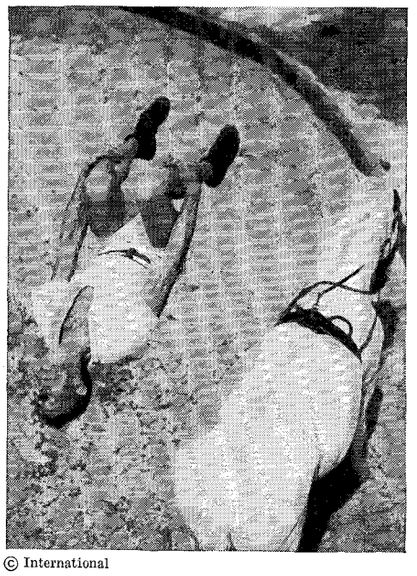
Acme

Heads down: "Hattie" does a hand-stand . . .



Acme

Esther Escalante: upside-down breath-catcher



© International

Clarence Bruce: heels up in a somersault

*Circus horses do not go south, but head for pasture lands in southern Indiana, have a chance to kick up their heels and get into sleek Percheron shape for hauling the big wagons. Hence New Yorkers do not see these glossy animals when the Ringling Circus opens at Madison Square Garden.

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Circus Slang

The Big Rag—the main circus tent—the "Big Top."

Back Yard—the area behind the main tent, giving onto property tents, dressing-tents and private tents.

Ducat Snatcher—the ticket taker.

Shill—the gentleman who excitedly pushes you aside in his eagerness to get into a side-show or concession—employed by the concessionaire.

Waxey—a harness-maker and repairer.

Bible—the large program sold in the Big Top.

Bag Guy—balloon vender.

Annie Oakley—free ticket or pass—its punched holes are reminiscent of the bullet holes in playing-cards made by the famous marks-woman.

Croaker—slightly ambiguous term of endearment applied to staff physician.

Boss Windjammer—the band leader—the circus still prefers wind instruments.

Bug Men—concessionaires who sell chameleons.

Hey Rube!—age-old cry of trouble with local citizenry—seldom, if ever, heard any more.

Carry the Bug—to carry a lantern on the lot at night.

that become by night luxurious beds. Harry Earle, the midget, and his three sisters, who are known as the Doll Family, have a stateroom looking like something out of "Gulliver's Travels." Tiny tables, chairs, a miniature ironing-board that pulls down from the wall, doll-sized hangers for their clothes would make any four-year-old green with envy. Jack, the Texas Giant, has two berths made into one, a special mattress ten feet long. Baby Ruth, 560-pound fat lady, has a berth reenforced with steel.

Recreation—Few performers go to their luxurious beds, however, until well into the night. There are enough radios and musical instruments to stock a store, enough conversational groups, card-parties, entertainers who just can't turn it off to make circus life almost as interesting as the dreams of it in the mind of a sequestered schoolboy.

Getting together the 350 performers who comprise the 150 acts of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum and Bailey Combined Shows opening the season at Madison Square Garden, New York, on April 10 is a job calling for all the skill and humor of Valdo, ex-clown in charge of personnel. From all parts of the globe come his charges; there are acts from every one of the six continents. And in twenty-odd languages, circus stars can be temperamental about salaries, their spots in the show. An aerialist is worried about leaving her two-month-old twins; a dog-and-pony team finds it has not made enough profit out of a winter in Germany to pay its fare home. From the freaks come problems calculated to send an ordinary manager into a dive off Brooklyn Bridge, an anchor in either hand.

The bearded lady may enter:

Lena Towsley

Thumb-sucker . . . in danger of grave damage

Lena Towsley

Pouter . . . wise care to mold personality

Lena Towsley

Non-eater . . . calls for tactics, not antics

Lena Towsley

Tantrum-thrower . . . to thwart him is futile

"Where—where's your beard?" screams Valdo.

"I shaved it off; it'll grow again."

"It better—and fast, too!"

But Valdo has to be tolerant of such developments as a bearded lady's winter infatuation causing her to sacrifice her circus attraction for feminine charm. No matter what the difficulties, the spring opening of a circus must be complete with freaks of the pituitary glands.

When Ringling Brothers Circus reaches New York this year, it faces the competition of the Cole Brothers-Clyde Beatty Circus, which will have occupied the Hippodrome for nearly a month. Featuring Clyde Beatty's animal act, the smaller show has gotten off to a full-house start, might have the bigger circus worried if it were not still the "Big Show" to the public.

Then, too, for many the depression is over. Children for whom the circus is ever new and glamourous even now are sharpening their voices for: "Look, ma! See the clown with the big firecracker! He's putting it under the other one's chair!"

Social Science

BABY BALANCE: Habits Before School Age May Have Lasting Influence on Child

"He is so cute! I can't bear to make him cry," the young mother sighs as the rosy-cheeked baby sucks away contentedly at his thumb.

Just here, says Dr. Josephine Jackson, noted American child psychologist, the parent should ask herself whether the thumb-sucking will get her baby anywhere. The truth is, she points out, it may lead to a veritable steel-jawed trap of habit, once the child gets the "feel" of such a seemingly harmless bit of behaviorism.

Yet for centuries this and a score of other undesirable habits, fraught with physical and psychic danger, have been part and parcel of babyhood, without much questioning by parents.

To-day, the new psychology, thanks to the impetus given it by the world-famed Dr. Sigmund Freud, borrows the axiom of the Jesuits: "Give us the first seven years of a child's life, and you can have the rest." Only, the modern psychologists stress the first six years as most significant in establishing right personality trends.

Going Concern—When Doctor Jackson, whose "Outwitting Our Nerves" helped hundreds of thousands of persons, began to write her "Guiding Your Life," published last week by D. Appleton-Century (New York), some one asked why she planned a whole chapter for infancy, when it encompassed such a brief period of life. The California specialist's answer was: "The newborn babe is already a going concern, and every move he makes, every characteristic he shows, carries prophecy of his future as a personality."

Consequently, the babe needs wise care so that mistakes will not result in a misshapen body or an inadequate personality. Mother wit, the author points out, goes far, but not far enough. Bad habits are an example of this.

In the April number of *The Parents' Magazine*, Frances Bruce Strain calls these

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habits *automatisms*, says there are among both children and grown-ups about 100 of them.

"Some *automatisms* arise spontaneously, some arise in imitation of others, some are associated with a poor physical condition, attributable possibly to a childhood illness, a premature birth, a glandular disturbance, or an inherited constitution a bit below par," she writes. "Many are undoubtedly induced by a distraught mental state due to excitement of various kinds—late hours, disturbed sleep, radio, telephone and automobile noises and general street babel.

"Many, perhaps the most, of these *automatisms* point to a retarded or unsatisfactory emotional life, too much or too little mother-love, to an unsympathetic nurse or a teacher who scolds, to jealousy of brother or sister, to a playmate who bullies."

Lacking Interest—Thumb-sucking, nail-biting and other habits of physical excitation, Doctor Jackson declares, hint that the child's nervous energy is not finding sufficient vent in outside interest. He busies his fingers just as grown-ups let out pent emotion or energy by tapping the table with a pencil, twiddling thumbs or rustling the newspaper. In the case of the child, there is an additional effect of pleasure, which makes the habit all the stronger.

She suggests an approach to this problem from two angles: First, see that the child is not worked up to greater than normal tension, *i. e.*, through freedom from excitement, plenty of sleep, quiet play, little personal notice. Second, provide enough physical exercise to use up a normal amount of energy.

Besides leading to all sorts of egocentric sensations, some continuing into maturity, thumb-sucking can bring grave physical damage. Pressure on the gums, plus the push of the cheek muscles, can, for one thing, change the shape of the jaws. The face loses its symmetry, as well; and the child often goes through life an object of pity. Eating habits, too, are affected later because the teeth do not meet closely.

This means malocclusion, and the thumb-sucker becomes a case for the orthodontist. Meeting in New York a fortnight ago, many of the big Eastern teeth specialists discussed a mirror contraption devised to cure thumb-sucking. Before it, offending children twice daily must suck their thumbs vigorously. The habit is overcome by making them painfully conscious of it.

Appetite Training—At meal-time, habits are easily formed—many bad ones. Doctor Jackson, who has a daughter of her own, advises training the child's appetite with food or other things first by making a wise choice of the new activity to be taken on; second, by being happy over the sure gain it will bring, and finally by sticking to it through thick and thin until it becomes automatic.

For the child who will not eat, Prof. Ernest Osborne, New York psychologist, suggests: Not so much food on the plate, serve it attractively, avoid a struggle. The foolish tactics of parents are out. One parent, he relates, had to practically put on a floor show before her child would eat.

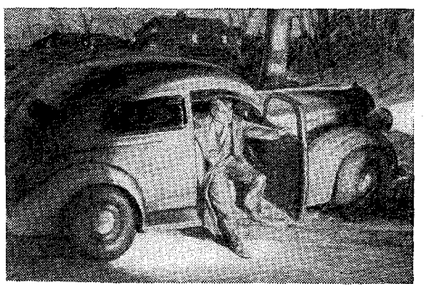
But the velveteen-clad cut-up of Park Avenue who would not eat his hominy or bites his finger-nails is skin brother to lads the world over.

The boy film star, Bobby Breen, once picked his finger-nails, was broken of it when his family pointed out that Jackie Cooper didn't. Cooper also is well-mannered, according to his mother, Mrs. Mabel Bigelow, who says that whenever Jackie does wrong she tries to point out to him his errors. Freddie Bartholomew's chief bad habit is untidiness. His aunt, Mrs. Myllicent Bartholomew, says she has been unable to work out any solution. Freddie, she says, is so enthusiastic about everything he does that he forgets to clean up afterward.

The Dionne quintuplets are altogether very nice babies. Yvonne, however, made head-lines by tossing a building block through a plate glass window last year, and hit them again when she awoke one midnight and flooded the hospital with light by touching a switch. Later, she worked out the combination of the quints' cot latches during the night and led them on tiptoe to their nurses' rooms. Marie also threw toy blocks, likes to "bop" her sisters on the backs of their heads—in a sort of game. Also, she is a piano-key pounder. Annette slyly pours out some of her soup to get at her dessert. Emilie became so adept at dish breaking that Doctor Dafoe solved the problem with unbreakable dishes.

Tantrums—Juanita Quigley, five-year-old actress, has an occasional spell of tantrums. This condition develops in a child who has

"His wife was ill. He was rushing to her when BANG!... A Blow-out"



Read REX BEACH'S thrilling True Story of the man who is living on "Borrowed Time"

REX BEACH

"HURRY! Your wife is ill!" Constable Stilling leaped into his car '20—25—30—35—40' read the speedometer. There was no time to spare. 'Faster! Faster!' And then—without warning—BANG! A blow-out! The car leaped out of control—swerved to the left—just missed crashing into a telephone pole!

Lady Luck smiled that night—and the extent of the Philadelphia Constable's injury was a wrenched shoulder. Some miracle saved him. As he, himself, says: "I feel that I am living on 'borrowed time'."

Too often screaming headlines carry tales of disaster wrought by blow-outs. From reliable sources I have been told that thousands are killed or injured when blow-outs throw cars out of control.

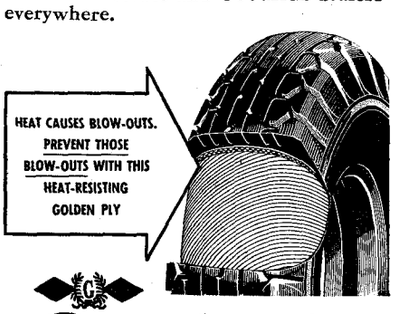
Just stop to consider what happens to your tires when you're skimming over the pavements at 50, 60 miles an hour. Naturally the heat generated is terrific. A tiny invisible blister may form between the rubber and the fabric. Just a little thing to begin with, this blister keeps getting bigger and bigger and the worst of it is that you don't even know it's there until suddenly, BANG! And then it may be too late.

Goodrich a Leader in Safety

It seems to me that as far as tires are concerned, the greatest single contribution toward safer driving has been from the Goodrich engineers. They have developed a real protection called the Golden Ply. It's a layer of special rubber and full-floating cords, scientifically treated to resist internal tire heat. You will easily see what this means. It means that blisters don't get a chance to form between the rubber and fabric inside your tires . . . and that means blow-outs due to this heat don't get started. That's certainly one protection everyone should invest in—especially when Silvertowns are priced lower than many other super-quality tires.

You can be sure that Constable Stilling doesn't take any chances with his tires these days. He's ready for any emergency and so are his Goodrich Silvertown Tires.

Why gamble on blow-outs when you pay no price premium for these super-quality tires? Remember, you can buy Goodrich Silvertowns at Goodrich Silvertown Stores and Goodrich dealers everywhere.



Goodrich
SAFETY
Silvertown
With Life-Saver Golden Ply

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been thwarted too often, says Professor Osborne. When its child standards of accomplishment are higher than its technical ability, its sense of being thwarted makes it cry. This occurs frequently in play. Parents often are not considerate enough about stopping their children's play periods, fail to give sufficient warning, which would forestall crying or tantrums.

Crying should be the rare exception, not the rule in a baby's life, declares Doctor Jackson.

When it bawls, it is because it is uncomfortable, whether in body or spirit. For the child that cries for attention, she advises letting it go without attention until it learns not to expect attention.

Another bad habit is flashes of sadism, for, after all, a baby is hardly less than an animal. Where a child delights in punishing others, one method of treatment is to hurt him each time so that he will realize the pain he causes. The technique of punishment (not overdone, of course) often works where all psychological methods have failed.

But the punishment must be handed out quite coldly, quite objectively.

Lying is another problem for mothers. Professor Osborne holds that often parents take their children too seriously, have no sense of humor. If Johnny comes in and says: "There's a big lion in the garden," don't say, "Johnny, why do you tell such fibs?" Rather, play with him. Say: "So there is, and look, it has five little cubs rolling around on the grass." This is the basis of creative imagination. Don't discourage it. Also, don't ever invite a child to lie by putting the issue up to him directly. If you say: "Did you do this?" his instinctive reaction will be to cover himself up by lying.

Says Doctor Jackson: "Psychology tells us and psychoanalysis is proving that the pattern reaction for a nervous breakdown in later years is laid before the sixth year. If parents in the training of children will apply the principles of the new psychology which stresses the importance of the first six years, much nervous invalidism will be eliminated."

Letters and Art

CANDLE-MAKER: Ajellos Keep Famed Art Closed Family Business for Centuries

Not so very many famous people in the last five generations have been baptized or married or buried without an Ajello playing a small part in one or all of the performances. For 165 years, this Italian family has produced candle-makers extraordinary, since a long dead ancestor, Raffaele Ajello, started the business in Sorrento. From that time on, Ajello candles, hand-dipped and sculptured, delicately scented, have burned at thousands of festive occasions and nearly as many sad ones.

Old Raffaele did more than start a lucrative business. A painter and sculptor, when he turned candle-maker, he laid the foundation for a tradition that is being carried out as faithfully to-day as if time had stood still. He made his beautiful candles by a primitive hand process of wax from his own bees, filling orders for the grandees of all Italy.

To-day in New York, the head of the Clan Ajello, seventy-six-year-old Antonio, fashions candles in the same manner, of wax from bees descended from Raffaele's winged insects. And like his forbear, his patrons are America's first families and the remnants of European royalty. He and his eight sons—for none but an Ajello may learn the secrets that have made the waxen lights famous for so long—are currently rushed filling orders that leave immediately for London and the Coronation.

Light for George VI—Some will glow in Westminster Abbey while George VI pronounces the words that make him King. Many others will light the homes of peers of the realm during the hundreds of banquets and parties that will precede and

Rotofotos, Inc.

Antonio Ajello, descendant of a long line of candle-makers, to-day makes candles of wax from bees descended from hives kept by his forbears

follow the ceremony. And when all these are burned out, Ajello will have packed and sent some others, fewer and less ornate, to another destination, to be lighted, he has been told, when the Duke of Windsor marries Mrs. Wallis Simpson. The former Prince of Wales became an Ajello customer when he last visited New York. Since then, the candle-maker has many times replaced the original order of heavy, ivory-colored spiral wax that matches the Duke's similar brass candlesticks that have been in his family since Charles I.

This is not an eye-popping order for Papa (as he calls himself). Just run-of-the-mill business. Didn't he make the orange-blossom-scented candles decorated with lily-of-the-valley for Holland's Princess Juliana when she recently married? Didn't he perform the same office—with a different design—when Anne Morrow married America's idolized Colonel Lindbergh? Hasn't he created waxen designs for Mussolini, Queen Marie, Eleonora Duse, Toscanini and the six most recent Presidents of the United States? he asks with scorn.

The Ajello family Bible with more (27,000) famous signatures than you can shake an autograph hound at, bears testimony to the fact that Ajello's clients are the world's great. The foremost specialist in a restricted field considers it no distinction to be making candles for the two history-making events that will soon take place.

Caruso's Candle—He bristles with pride over only one candle that was a sad task for him to create, commemorating the death of one of his closest friends, the late Enrico Caruso. The singer often visited the Ajello studio, where his memorial candle was later constructed, to chat, drink wine, and sing for Papa snatches from his favorite opera, "Martha."

When Caruso died in 1921, orphans whom he had befriended raised the money to have Ajello make the largest candle in the world. It was eighteen feet high, five feet in diameter at its base and tapered to sixteen inches. It weighed a ton and took Papa and the junior Ajellos six months to finish, and a derrick to dip the rope-like wick in and out of gigantic vats of molten wax. Completed, it was shipped to a little church in Naples where Caruso had worshiped as a boy. There it is lighted for one full day every year on November 2, All Souls day. Ajello's wizardry constructed it to burn for 1,800 days, so that it may be lighted in the year 3720, a memorial to remind generations yet unborn of a great singer and his candle-maker friend.

Ajello has had many requests for similar candles. A screen actress asked him to make one to burn for Russ Colombo, the crooner who died a few years ago. A famous opera singer asked for one to burn to her patron saint, in the hope that her voice would be restored. "But not for a million dollars will I make one as large as Caruso's," he swears. "Nor will my sons. That is to be always the largest in the world."

Papa Ajello at twelve followed his father to this country sixty-five years ago, studied painting and sculpture before he was allowed to be apprenticed to his father. The senior Ajello first set up business on Staten Island, where Garibaldi also had made a living at candle-making while a refugee from Italy, before he went back in 1854 to unify Europe's boot.

Age-Old Secret—Fifty years ago, his father died, and the son inherited the business, the age-old secret formulas for making wax the proper texture, wicks the correct size and dipped in the solutions that determine to a minute the length of time a candle will burn. He moved to New York's upper East Side, where his sunny studio recently has been shadowed by the giant spans of the Triborough Bridge.

Here, lumped in the center of all that is modern, new twentieth century, Papa and his children work happily and profitably at a craft that is older than Christianity. Worm-eaten wooden racks, strung with wicks, dip slowly in and out of battered vats of carefully brewed wax and a few secret chemicals. The two floors of the little frame building are distinguished by many fragrances. "Spring in Sorrento," Ajello describes it.

Each of the innumerable types of candles has an individuality of its own, and a special name. Those made to individual orders carry the customer's name, and often fragments from his estate, like berries, clover or a flower carefully preserved in wax. Each person is assured that no one else may purchase that particular candle. Others Papa calls after famous beauties of bygone days—Lillian Russell, Anna

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Held, and many a one Papa remembers with a nostalgic sigh.

Mussolini's candles, ornate with his coat of arms and the Fascist symbol of bound faggots, have been requested by hundreds of Ajello clients, as have Pavlowa's delicate tapers, set in a graceful wax swan base.

But Papa is adamant. "I could make fortunes commercializing any of my famous clients' designs, but that is not an artist's work."

His method of distribution was solved for him by Providence. Aside from eight sons, there are six daughters. Two sons who don't work in the factory Papa has set up in stores, and he has done the same for five daughters. "No one but Ajello makes the candles, no one but Ajello sells them," is his motto. In Sorrento and Florence, his children supply Italians with his handiwork. In Chicago, St. Louis, Beverly Hills and New York, other sons and daughters market the wares. "A closed corporation."

The Ajello output is about 2,000,000 candles a year selling for anywhere from $2 a pair to $50, depending on the size and intricacies of the work. And business booms.

It gives him another excuse for not retiring, as his family has been urging him to do for the last five years. Work, he holds, plus lots of children, keeps any man young and happy. He is going to write that advice to his friend, D'Annunzio, who recently broke into print by threatening suicide, asserting at seventy-six there was nothing to live for.

BOOK ADDICTS: What, When, and How Well-Known People Read

"I haven't got time to read!"

This plaintive excuse, familiar prefix to average conversation, has a strange, foreign ring to the head doctors, editors and educators of America. While the normal citizen snoozes over his evening paper and considers a hard day's reading done, the really busy folk, emerging from a whirl of conferences and speeches, settle down for a stretch of serious "book-larnin'."

Mrs. Roosevelt, for one, gets a great deal of reading into odd moments. Aboard an air-plane or train, the First Lady catches up on literature—in the form of fiction, Government reports and poetry. As the plane bounces out of air-pockets, Mrs. Roosevelt reads her book, always carefully, never skipping as much as a word. Usually the book is one written by a friend of the President's wife, say Fannie Hurst. Recent journey or preretiring readings have included: "Great Laughter" by Fannie Hurst, "Of Mice and Men" and Dorothy Canfield Fisher's "Hillsboro People."

Studied Readers — Another odd-moment book consumer is beetle-browed John Llewellyn Lewis, who comes home after a hard day's C.I.O. bargaining for an evening of reading—usually economics or history, with a detective story thrown in for relaxation. His daughter, Kathryn, makes the selection, supplying the detective stories, magazines with interesting articles, and books by authors the labor leader has enjoyed in the past. Perhaps fifteen books are read in an average month, all carefully. Occasionally Lewis rereads. Last year, he retraced "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Homer and several Latin poets. Recent strikes have cut down the Lewis reading, with Morris Ernst's "The Ultimate Power" nevertheless a "must."

Conscientious reader in spare moments and at bedtime is Mrs. Rubye Nix Zioncheck, widow of the late Representative from Washington. She prefers to cover one book a week thoroughly, with the aid of a dictionary, to skipping passages and getting through more. Of rereading, she says: "I reread the Bible regularly. My other favorites are Margaret Wilson's book on charm and 'Marks of an Educated Man.'" Her books come regularly from the Book of the Month Club, and the rest of her reading diet is compounded of politics, economics, history and psychology. Recently read: "Gone With the Wind," "American Doctor's Odyssey" and "Inside Europe."

For John Haynes Holmes, minister, antiwar fighter and playwright, a reading list of six to twelve books a week is ample. Reviewing theological and religious books for the metropolitan press accounts for part of his list, and his personal taste for poetry, biography and history for the remainder.

Fiction he reads but rarely, on the premise that remarkably little good fiction is being turned out. The good doctor reads whenever he can, and wo to the unlucky man who tries to talk to him on a train ride. Holmes counts as precious every hour spent on the train. It's saved for reading, as is one hour before bed.

Critics' Critic—It's Doctor Holmes's opinion that entirely too much space is devoted by reviewers to the novel. "Almost every novel that comes out is acclaimed a masterpiece by somebody or other."

But even ignoring these supposed gems, the Doctor finds it hard to keep abreast of the history and biography that appears. Poetry, one of his favorite fields, he finds it easy to keep up on.

But for life stories and period history, the conscience-stricken minister makes a pile of works he can not cover and promises them careful reading over the long summer vacation.

Religious and theological works, however, seldom make the summer reading heap. Doctor Holmes finds it easy to "tear the heart out" of these dry works by glancing at key sentences and letting the explanation go unread. By carefully scouting the book sections of Sunday papers, the clergyman is able to select and buy all the books he wants—so that his library now numbers nine or ten thousand volumes.

Among the recently devoured Holmes books: "Beloved Friend" and "The Right to Heresy."

Another biography fan is Bruce Barton, advertising man and author of "The Man Nobody Knows." Ad-man Barton covers from five to seven books in his reading week, chiefly biography and history. Like Mrs. Roosevelt, he is a minute grabber—reading on buses, while waiting for dinner, and occasionally of an evening. His personal browsings in shops keep him well supplied with books. Just in case there might be anything overlooked, the Barton secretary is set to bird-dog any unseen items. Whenever Sir James Jeans of "This Unknown Universe" fame does a book, it always appears promptly on the Barton reading list, as does anything by Bliss Perry.

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mystery story, but Barton is no avid fan. He likes the *Perry Mason* yarns of Erle Stanley Gardner and the tales of Dashiell Hammett. Perhaps he skips less in reading "whodunits" than in straight texts, for the former newspaper man, like any editor, reads chiefly the middle of the page. Annotations and underscorings abound in books Barton has liked. In the front are penciled page references so that the ad chief can turn at will to a particular passage. Barton frequently invokes this method to aid his prodigious memory. Most often returned-to book: "Revolt of the Masses" by Ortega y Gasset.

Columnist Too Busy—To Dorothy Thompson, syndicated columnist and wife of Sinclair Lewis, books are something she'd like to find time for. Unfortunately for the columnist, so busy does her work keep her that she can find little time for books. Most of her reading is done in foreign magazines to supplement interviews for her newspaper work. She subscribes to the Brookings Institution reports, buys a great many books, but has time to read comparatively little. Technical publications of all kinds pile up unread, and the chief

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Mae West reads another script . . . "I never count my books or my dates" . . . she reads dozens of manuscripts and rereads only her income tax statement and her check-book

books favored by the Thompson gaze are those she has to review. Naturally she reads very rapidly, like the late Theodore Roosevelt, covering almost a paragraph in a glance.

Somewhat more leisurely is the pace of the before-bed reading, when the columnist devotes her attention to poetry, which she rereads and enjoys enormously. For fiction, like John Haynes Holmes, she has little use. Book she has wanted to read: "Das Kapital" by Karl Marx.

Far more the inveterate reader is Raymond Moley, Editor of *News-Week* and former adviser to the President. Editor Moley may sip the juice of as many as sixteen books a week—but with a warning hand lifted to protest that this is "skimming" and not really reading. Real reading is awarded only to first-string books such as "Man of the Renaissance," "Of Time and the River" and "The Forty Days of Musa Dagh." For it is a process that takes from four to six weeks.

As a Professor of Government, Raymond Moley naturally keeps up on political science, acquiring most of the new texts but leaving them untouched until an occasion arises. Always he is surrounded by books. Whenever the opportunity arises, he reads back on a current subject; so that when Maurice Evans acted "Richard II" recently, Moley reread the play, and the whole history of the period.

Off Guard—Some of the Moley reading is done in bed. "When I am intellectually off guard," explains the Professor. But few, if any, novels wend their way into the "off-guard" period, for Moley, too, is a non-novel reader. Few he finds are worth attention. But when it comes to exploration—that's a different story. Perhaps as the result of reading "Lost Horizon," a tremendous interest has grown in the Moley mind about exploration. For the last two years, not a single book on alp-scaling or iceberg-dodging has escaped his attention. Rutledge's "Attack on Mount Everest" has been reread several times.

As vacation time rolls around, the reading scheme changes. Books become, instead of a valuable fill-in, the main stuff of the day. Aboard ship, the ex-brain-truster sets himself a plan, reading biography in the morning, lighter books during the afternoon, with the evening reserved for something such as the "Man of the Renaissance" that can be savored over. Recently read: "The Hundred Years," "Catherine de Medici."

New Dealer who reads incessantly is Chairman James Landis of the Securities and Exchange Commission. "Jimmie" Landis reads more than two hundred books a year, which should set some sort of record for the head of one of the Government's busiest agencies, and a liberal partaker in Capital social life.

Two or three novels are averaged during a week, chiefly after he has gone to bed. Historical biographies, legal reports and technical discussions of securities also fall within the Landis ken. Chief novel picker for Chairman Landis is his wife, herself an insatiable reader. Occasionally Landis selects a book recommended by friends, or a much and favorably reviewed book. Books written by Faulkner, Caldwell or Thomas Mann automatically appear on the Landis list.

To cover three novels and specialize in military phases of the War Between the States, Chairman Landis has to read with lightning speed. And he does. Not a moment is wasted on non-essential matter. To the core of the book and away, is the Landis motto. This applies, too, to the eight newspapers and numerous magazines he reads. The rest of his information on current affairs comes from personal conversation with the people who are doing things in economic, commercial and political America.

Little time is given to rereading, with the exception perhaps of Henderson's "Stonewall Jackson." Most recently read Landis novels: "Street of the Fishing Cat," "Impassioned Pigmies."

Mae West—On the West Coast, screen actress Mae West responded very differently. Asked how many books she read a year, the star replied: "I never count my books or my dates, but if you want me to guess, I'd say around twenty or so, besides the dozens and dozens of manuscripts which I hope might suit me but never do."

To the movie queen, "a good book doesn't need to be raced through. If it's interesting, it has speed and it's over too soon. But if a book is so tiresome you need to skip passages, I'd just as soon skip the whole thing."

Standard part of the West literary diet are all books on "bad women who've made good."

Rereading is reserved for her income tax statement. "It's a very sad story," she sighs. "But *Uncle Sam* will probably find it very interesting. What else do I reread regularly? My check-book. It always tells a different story."

Interested in more conventional literature is Herbert Bayard Swope, editor who pulled circulation of the old New York *World* to its all-time high. He reads about six books a month, chiefly politics, economics and history. Like many another editor he reads rapidly, protesting:

"However, I am fairly conscientious. I do permit myself to skip the tedious descriptions in which my author undertakes to make a bum out of everybody else who has ever described a sunset. But this applies to 'fine' writing, and only in novels."

To avoid fine writing, Swope practically eliminated fiction from his reading list. When it comes to rereading, "Alice in Wonderland," the Constitution and the Gettysburg Address rank highest. For current reading: "The Ultimate Power," "55 Men," "We or They."

Medical Man's Relish—In Chicago, the Editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Morris Fishbein, concentrates on science, with some biography and history—to the extent of ten books a week. Fishbein is no haphazard reader; daily, from 4:30 to 6 each afternoon, and from 11 till he falls asleep, are reading hours. No skipping is practised by the Doctor, yet he has been able to read almost everything he wants—with the exception of some of the Russian novelists. For second and third readings he chooses Shakespeare, and some of Mark Twain's "top-notchers." Recently read: "New American History," six

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Courtesy Knight

Dr. Andrea Majocchi, Italy's surgeon-author

or seven books on the Rome of the Cæsars, and half a dozen on endocrinology.

But to Dale Carnegie, author of America's current best-seller, "How to Win Friends and Influence People," go first honors for vigorous reading. To assemble a radio program—"Little Known Facts About Well-Known People"—it was necessary for him to break books down into convenient units. So he began to take them apart. About the country skipped Carnegie with chapters of books stuck in his pockets. Then, too, he developed the habit of underlining with thick, red pencil. The habit persists. When Carnegie likes a passage, four red stars go in the margin beside it. When Carnegie dislikes, a blue pencil goes through the offending page. Few novels rate reading by the friendship expert. On vacation, Carnegie is a book fiend. He devotes one suitcase to clothes for every four to books. And in that assortment, besides biography and history, can be found the works of his fellow inspirationalists, Walter Pitkin and Vash Young.

THRILLS OF A SURGEON:

Italy's Foremost Doctor Writes Another Medical Odyssey

"The doctor will see you now."

A young man dropped the battered magazine he was nervously thumbing and leaped to his feet. For a moment he hesitated, then strode into the inner sanctum of the doctor's office. Before him, white-jacketed, stood Andrea Majocchi, foremost surgeon of Fascist Italy.

The calm eyes of the doctor surveyed the young man, made their appraisal. "Yes?" said Doctor Majocchi.

"It's about my fiancée," gulped the young man. "You operated on her a year ago. Now we want to get married. Just what was wrong with her? Is she completely cured? Is she—is she—fit to get married?"

It was the surgeon's turn to look worried. He sat down slowly and thought over the case. Yes, he'd operated on Maria a year ago to remove a tubercular kidney. She was not a strong young woman. He wouldn't have wanted his son to marry her.

The young man shuffled his feet. "Yes, doctor?"

Sacred Trust—"Well, I don't think—" began the surgeon, then stopped. It was something he couldn't say. Maria's case—as any other—was a sacred trust. He had no right to tell any one, not even her fiancé, about it. What was he to do? There was only one course; he told the young man that marriage was possible, but he tried to suggest that it would be best to wait.

When the doctor had finished, the young man shook his hand, and bounded out of the office joyfully. In a short time he married his beloved Maria. A little while later they were expecting a baby. Then came tragedy. Illness toyed no longer with its victim. The young bride became sick, tuberculosis developed. A few weeks later she was dead.

"If only," thought the tortured surgeon, "I had been free from the bonds of professional secrecy. If I could have told him!"

For Andrea Majocchi, this was but one more hardship in a long career of self-sacrifice. It all started when his father, a doctor, was stricken at thirty-two with an infection. As he lay dying, he said brokenly to his wife:

"Maria, I am dying. I commit our children to your care. Remember, I would rather have them peasants than doctors."

Sickened—But young Andrea became a doctor. He hastened at an early age to the University of Pavia; refused for his first three weeks to eat meat because he was so overcome by the sight of the corpses dissected daily.

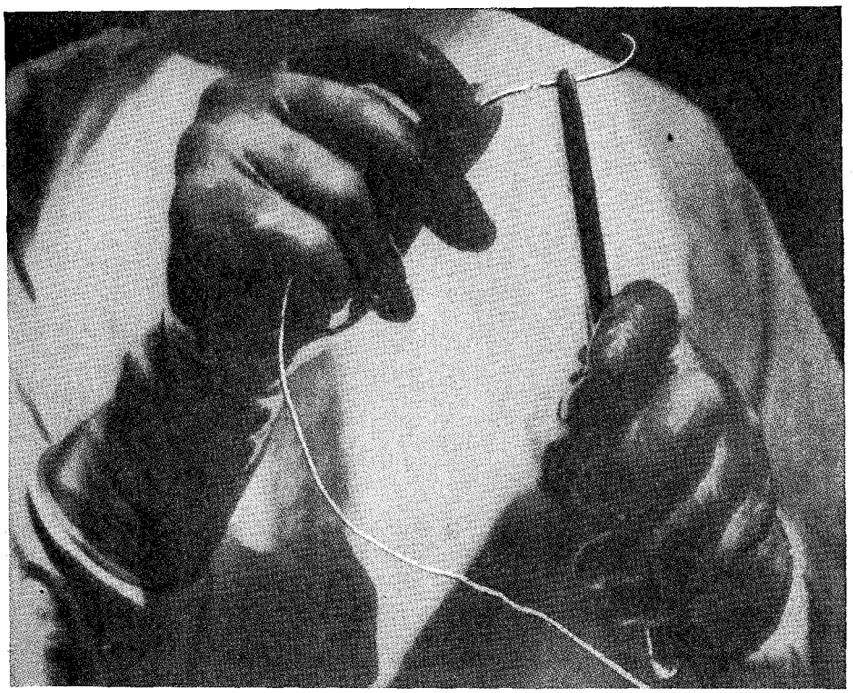
As a young *medico* he wormed his way into the Obstetrical Station of Milan for his first training in the rigors of medical life. An early case of Majocchi's:

A dark night, 3 A.M., and the young doctor had just gone to sleep. Suddenly, his bell rang. It was a messenger from a midwife summoning him to the bed of a patient suffering from hemorrhages. Into the night went the young, sleepy doctor. After a long *trek* down the silent streets, he found himself at the circus. Inside a tent a group of silent folk in circus dress silently surrounded a bed. Briefly, one subdued man explained that his pregnant wife had just been crushed by her charge, the circus boa-constrictor. The snake had changed from its usual sluggish good humor to a rage. Luckily, the other circus people had been able to loosen the vise grip of the reptile. But now the woman was bleeding to death.

Terror—Majocchi wasted little time. He disinfected himself and began to operate. As the operation progressed, something took a firm grip on his ankle. Majocchi couldn't glance down—was the boa-constrictor winding up his leg? In a sweat of terror, the doctor continued his work. Instantly, the husband of the sick woman rushed forward, grabbed the attacker and whisked it away. It was not the snake, but the ill woman's monkey that wanted to help his mistress.

Later, when the operation was successfully over, the young *medico* washed up and turned to put his instruments away. But the instruments were nowhere to be found. Swinging from the top of the tent with Majocchi's instrument case in his paw was the monkey.

Seldom has the surgeon's career been less exciting. Operations, accidents, war, travels, have followed in rapid order. Scarcely had his career begun, seemingly, when Doctor Majocchi was given his pension, told his day was over, and thanked for his services. But in the brief space between medical school and honorable discharge from the ranks of medicine, Majocchi fitted a brilliant career—and capped it by incorporating the best of his experiences into an Italian doctor's Odyssey.



Courtesy Knight

From the jacket of "Life and Death" which shows the surgeon at work . . . what he "thinks, feels and does as he operates"

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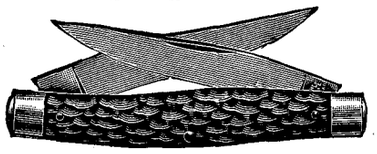

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Teaching the so-called "nut-bread pedagogy," the Little Red School is the premier experimental laboratory of the progressive educational movement which swept in upon the country at the turn of the century. Briefly, it dispenses with old-time formalism and traditionalism in education, teaches "learning by doing" through the activity method, places the accent upon the pupil rather than the teacher. Instead of putting aside forty minutes for spelling, thirty-five for arithmetic, a half-hour for drill, an integrated, coordinated program is used.

Lower Cost—A fortnight ago, gray, plump Schoolmistress Irwin, who smokes Cuban cigarettes and looks like the generic old-time schoolma'am, announced her institution had been able to take title to its building, disclosed in so doing a number of interesting facts. Attending classes currently were 340 pupils between four and thirteen, at a cost of $117 per pupil, as against $117.69 for the State.

All of last year's class had attained in the best New York high schools the upper third, some the top, most the upper quarter. Reason: The independence of working they had gained under the progressive system made them much more able to cope with their problems in the high schools than other children educated in the standard fashion. An example of this: Teachers, instead of reading aloud books on New York, took their children about the streets and docks, had them make a model of the metropolis with blocks and paper.

To Experimentalist Irwin's glad tidings for progressive education, now harassed on all sides by formalists, Assistant Superintendent of Schools Dr. John J. Loftus of New York added the surprize announcement that for a year the new methodology had been in effect at seventy schools among 50,000 pupils. He called it "the largest attempt to try out the progressive curriculum in the United States," termed the test successful, offset in effect the criticism of irate parents at Roslyn, Long Island, who petitioned a return to the old system.

Adopt New Ideas—Last week, the progressives announced that at least 30 per cent. of the U. S. schools were teaching some form of the newer ideas. Reports on the latest methods came before the forty-fourth annual convention at San Antonio, Texas, of the powerful Association of Child Education as proponents warmed to the fray from an exposé of conditions revealed by Thurra Graymar in "The School at the Crossroads" (New York: Funk & Wagnalls Company; $2).

Writing under a *nom de plume,* the author made known the results of a clinical "guinea-pig" study of the invasion of the "nut-bread" system in a large city school, pointed out its weaknesses and recommended a middle course of instruction.

The first part of her story takes the form of a losing fight by one *Letitia Lavender,* an aging defender of the old system, against the encroachments of a new superintendent and principal.

"She considered the new principal's demands outrageous, impossible, even dangerous, as indeed many of them were," the author writes. "That young man, having absorbed dozens of the sort of pseudo-scientific courses on education with which the teachers' colleges and universities have become saturated, and being sincerely convinced of the dire need of the schools for a revivifying touch, was blind and deaf before the human issues and practical considerations that his untrained but amenable predecessor would have grasped immediately. The sort of teaching *Miss Lavender* represented, he had had dinned into his ears, was a relic of the middle ages. *Miss Lavender* herself, altho a nice enough old thing if left alone, was an anachronism in the department."

Early History—Gaining rapid headway in the last decade, the progressive movement dates back to such liberal thinkers as Rousseau, Comenius and Froebel. First apparent appearance in the U. S. was in Quincy, Massachusetts, where Francis W. Parker introduced such innovations as study trips afield, experiments with science, molding pupil behavior by self-discipline. First national notice of it came with formation of Prof. John Dewey's laboratory at the University of Chicago in the '90s. Other pioneers are William Heard Kilpatrick and Boyd Bode. Dr. Maria Montessori's lectures in this country on her system helped the new ideas along.

To-day, the movement is united under the Progressive Education Association, which numbers nearly 10,000 teachers. Altho there are minor differences of interpretation, there are four beliefs which progressive educators share:

(1) Man is an organism which acts not by distinct parts, but as a whole; (2) education is the continuous and steady effort to act intelligently with regard to the immediate situation by bringing to bear on it the meaningful results of past experiences; (3) ours is a rapidly changing world; and (4) man can share to a greater degree in the determination of his destiny.

Tracing the current developments, Miss Graymar points out that early U. S. education was featured by discipline, with instruction as a side-line. Only drill subjects taught were the three R's. At the teacher's desk stood the bundle of switches. The next step came two generations ago with the influence of the Swiss, Pestalozzi. Oral instruction and "object teaching" were introduced into the nation's

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system. Study was made interesting to the child, the rigors of discipline softened.

"The present phase of our development has its roots not only in the ideas imported from foreign soil," Miss Graymar says, "but also in revolutionary changes which have taken place in our own culture. Two great forces have swept the country, entirely metamorphosing our way of life—the avalanche of immigration and the onrush of industrialism. The school has been called upon to make the adjustment between the old régime and the new. Perhaps it was too large an order; at any rate, both discipline and learning have been swept largely into the discard and the emphasis placed upon a nebulous idea designated as 'the growth of the child.'"

Replying to this criticism, W. Carson Ryan, Jr., President of the Progressive Education Association, said: "Most disappointing is the author's failure to show any grasp of the essentially sound philosophy underlying the work of those who are trying to make schools better, whether under the name of 'progressive education' or something else—sincere concern for children and youth as human beings, and their successful adjustment to society; more interest in sounder motives for learning adjustment to society than nineteenth century schools had in their stereotyped 'quota' type of curriculum and the indefensible system of grades that went with it.

Three R's Arts—"She overlooked also enrichment of the educational program, especially in swinging away from the dominance of the 'three R's' to more adequate recognition of the *arts* as real fundamentals in education; emphasis upon a type of educational administration that cares less for mechanistic details of management and more for what happens to human beings—children, youth, teachers and other educational workers, parents, and the community—as the result of what we call education. These are too important to be disregarded by any teacher or writer."

At the crossroads of American education, Critic Graymar scans two roads to an *ultima thule* in which some of these modern ideas are by no means barred. The first includes respect instead of contempt for factual material; reduction of teachers' paper work to a minimum; actual instead of pseudo pupil responsibility, great reduction in teacher-study of educational theories. The second provides for small classes of fifteen pupils at least once a day.

At San Antonio, the convention was unique in that the principal part of it was played by those who in other conventions were usually the audience. Practically all of the 200 delegates took part in the mass program.

Taken up were: Changes in the physical environment of schools; trends toward completely revolutionized curriculum; change in type of teacher education; changing type of teacher supervision; less emphasis on text teaching; trends toward making education more functional in the child's life.

CAMPUS CLASH: Negro Fraternity Is Denied Admission to Chicago Council

Long accustomed to discrimination, the Negro student has had to fight tooth and nail for academic and social recognition on the American college campus. Pulled off athletic teams in contests with Southern rivals, forced to eat in dingy restaurants

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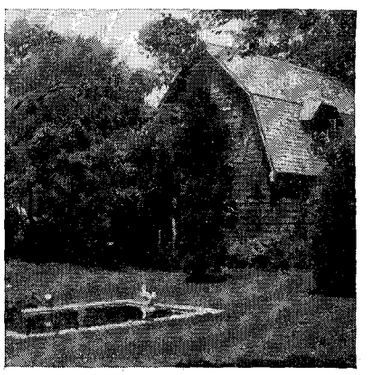

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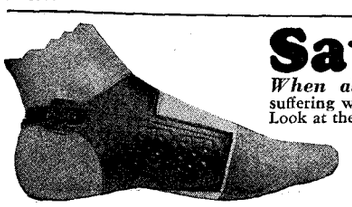

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far from the campus, barred from white dormitories, frequently marked down by prejudiced instructors, the colored undergraduate wins his education through a gantlet of race hatred.

Last week saw controversy again flaming about this white-hot question. To the 17,500 Negroes in colored fraternities and sororities, focal point was the refusal of the usually liberal University of Chicago's Interfraternity Council to admit the local chapter of Kappa Alpha Psi, Negro fraternity founded in 1911. At the same time, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People awaited a court decision in a long battle to force the University of Tennessee to admit Negro William B. Redmond to its School of Pharmacy.

Chicago's Negation—Last February, Kappa Alpha Psi, officially recognized by the University of Chicago, applied for admission to the Midway's Interfraternity Council, composed of seventeen chapters, fourteen Christian, three Jewish. The *Daily Maroon*, undergraduate news-sheet, head-lined the question in its Lincoln's Birthday issue, called on undergraduates to uphold Chicago's reputation for intelligent liberalism.

Chief barrier to the admission of the nineteen-year-old Negro chapter was the clause in the constitution of the Interfraternity Council barring groups with off-campus houses.

Racial zoning restrictions around the Midway prevent Negro fraternities from acquiring a chapter house.

Late in February, the Interfraternity Council met to vote an amendment to the constitution rescinding the house-on-the-campus restriction, in order to permit Kappa Alpha Psi to join. Nine fraternities voted for the amendment, seven against, but the measure was defeated because it lacked the required three-fourths majority.

Every Chicago student knew, however, that Kappa Alpha Psi's failure to be admitted was due not to the technicality of its house location, but to an upsurge of racial ill-feeling. Said Newell Reynolds, President of white Kappa Sigma, which opposed the admission of Kappa Alpha Psi: "Undoubtedly the thing which decided the voting was racial prejudice, not the obvious technicality."

Humor Art—So incensed were local liberals that the staff of *The Phoenix*, Chicago's monthly humorous magazine, painted an agonized, handcuffed Negro in academic costume on the cover of its March issue, filled its columns with a bitter analysis of the Midway race problem. Editor Henry A. Reese exclaimed: "The only surprizing thing in the case is the fact that a *minority* of *fraternities* voted in accordance with the accepted dictates of college cretinism."

Assistant Dean of the University Leon P. Smith pleaded for a reconsideration, stated:

"The University makes no distinction between races."

Edward Gray, member of colored Kappa Alpha Psi, regretted: "We were turned down, and that is that."

In Tennessee, the Jim Crow statute of 1901 makes it a criminal offense to permit whites and Negroes to be instructed in the same building. Last week, in the Shelby County Chancery Court at Memphis, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People charged that the University of Tennessee was violating both Federal and State Constitutions by not permitting William B. Redmond, twenty-seven-year-old Nashville Negro, to enroll in the University's School of Pharmacy for "separate education."

Decision Soon—Attorneys for the State of Tennessee alleged that the suit would only "create friction and arouse racial prejudice." Chancellor L. D. Bejach of the Chancery Court took the case under advisement, will announce his decision in April.

Redmond's suit is only one of a series brought by the N.A.A.C.P. to remove anti-Negro discrimination from public education. In 1936, it compelled the University of Maryland to admit a Negro student to the School of Law. He has attended classes since without incident.

No. 1 graduate of the nation in 1936 was Benjamin O. Davis, first Negro in forty years to receive his second lieutenant' commission from West Point. Davis wa ostracized completely for the first two years, finally won his comrades' respect by high marks and strict attention to duty.

Today, Lieutenant Davis stresses one thing: "The faculty at West Point is fair. In the classroom there is equality. One gets the marks one earns, regardless of color, and regardless of whether the instructor is a Southerner or not."

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Each Good Friday "Penitentes" reenact the crucifixion of Christ in gruesome reality . . . so real that the "chosen one" has been known to die under the cruel procedure

Religion

DESERT GOLGOTHA: Penitentes Reenact Christ's Passion With Actual Crucifixion

As in Roman Catholic churches throughout the world, black-robed priests at shroud-draped altars in northern New Mexico and southern Colorado this Good Friday celebrated the traditional "mock" or presanctified mass to mark Christ's agony on the cross. Ceremonies of the most solemn nature of the faith consisted for the most part of deep, meditative prayer, omission of the consecration of the Host, commemoration of the fourteen Stations of the Cross.

But annually, to the horror of many a pious worshiper in the New Mexico and Colorado area, hundreds of Catholics in isolated *adobe* villages have added for years a gruesome literalness to the anniversary by reenacting the crucifixion of the Saviour. . . . The barbaric rite is performed by the *Hermanos Penitentes* (the Penitent Brothers), a secret brotherhood with about 5,000 members largely located in the villages around Taos, Mora and Abquiu, near Albuquerque, New Mexico.

A hangover of thirteenth century practises of the *Disciplinati di Gesu Cristo*, the *Penitentes* stage their weird drama as a climax to a period of self-torture and fasting which begins on Ash Wednesday with an eery piping of a flute. Almost daily thereafter, cultists meet in the *moradas*, or secret chapels, compete through horrible lashings and sacrifices for the honor of playing *El Cristo* on Good Friday. Four candidates are finally selected, and once or twice a week the *Hermano Mayor*, or Elder Brother, leads them up to the *Campo Santo*, or burial-ground serving as Calvary, for preliminary tests of their fortitude. To the wet thud of *jucca* whips on their crimson backs, they silently drag heavy wooden crosses through paths strewn with briars and cactus. Naked save for a white breech-cloth, they return to the chapels to lie prostrate on the gore-caked floors while fellow worshipers wail, chant and implore.

Rite Forbidden—On Good Friday afternoon, the Elder Brother places a black gallows mask over the head of *El Cristo*, then swathes him in white cloth. This is done reportedly to hide the sacrificial victim, inasmuch as the rite is forbidden by the Church.

With the piper leading, the procession starts from the *morada* to the burial-ground. The *Christus* sweats in the heavy afternoon atmosphere as he bears the rough cross. On his bare back the *sangrador* or chief whipper, swings his huge

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whip. At his side are brothers who play *Peter, John* and *Pilate*. Next in line are the three other candidates also bearing crosses.

What takes place in each successive step of the reenactment has been described with considerable conflict of fact. Few outsiders have been witnesses. One, Marcus Bach, of the University of Iowa faculty, gave a vivid description of it a fortnight ago, in *The Christian Century:*

The Crucifixion—"One by one, the Stations of the Cross crudely set on *Calvario* are observed. The believers sing a hymn. Then *the Christ* drops his cross. He falls beside it exhausted and twisted with pain. Rough hands lay his body upon the tree. If he is able to speak, he will probably beg to be nailed through his hands and feet. But the brothers will tie him with buckskin thongs. Nailing was abandoned several years ago, due to an increasing number of deaths among the crucified. The thongs will serve. They are pulled taut and cause the fingers to stand out like claws against the pale blue of the cross.

"The crowd makes no sound as the mask is jerked from *El Cristo's* head and as his cross is raised. It is dropped with a thud into the hole previously prepared. He who is crucified quivers. Only one person gasps. It is the mother of the chosen one. She makes her way to the foot of the cross and kneels against it. She weeps silently. She is very proud. Her son is the willing protagonist of the Good Friday story. He has 'taken upon himself the sins of all.' He has 'come after Jesus.'

"Now *El Capitan* takes a spear and gashes the right side of *El Cristo*. So, too, Jesus was pierced. And as he bled on Golgotha, so this American bleeds on *Calvario* in the Sangre de Cristo Mountains. The one who has carried the pallet of thorns flings it beside the mother and then throws his half-naked body upon it and lies still. The blood of the crucified drops near him. He on the cross raises his distorted face to the dark heavens as tho vainly trying to say: 'Into thy hands—.' Soon his head falls forward and he is very quiet.

Respite—"After forty-five minutes, the unconscious martyr is lowered. The hands which unfasten him and transfer him to a clean white sheet are less brutal than before. No one shows much concern whether he is dead or dying. The piper blows upon his flute and the company begins its pilgrimage back to the *morada*. There, at last, some respite from excruciating pain is waiting. An *enfermo* with ointment hopes to restore *El Cristo* to life. The sufferer is placed in front of the altar and receives more or less gentle ministration. His passion for suffering is celebrated in the final ritual called *Tiniebles*, or reign of darkness."

In this way, the *Penitentes* achieve a peacefulness symbolic of the reconciliation of God and man. Radiant, they chant:

> "There is no one now
> Who is not worth something,
> Christ is already dead."

Whips are laid aside. Cruel, wan visages change to kindness and compassion. The *Hermano Mayor* shouts: "We are saved!"

If the *Christus* dies, he is secretly buried, but if he lives, he becomes a hero and a political power.

Church officials frown upon the whole business, but neither the clerical nor the civil authorities have attempted to interfere. Last year, the authorities did take a hand, however, when Carl Taylor, a writer, who visited New Mexico to see the ritual, was slain. A houseboy confessed to the crime, giving robbery as motive, tho the story persisted that the *Penitentes* had decreed his death. In 1888, Charles F. Lummis, an authority on the cult, escaped with a bullet in his neck while attempting to photograph the rites.

During the past half century, according to historians, the ceremonies have gradually toned down. Present-day participants, it is stated, are descended from the Third (lay) Order of St. Francis. The ceremonies were introduced into the New World by Franciscan friars who accompanied the *conquistadores*. Don Juan de Onate is recorded as chief missionary of the order. To-day, these religious flagellants are found in the Philippines and some parts of Europe and the Near East.

Says eye-witness Bach: "The apparent horror of these ceremonies may blind us to the spiritual experience taking place within these writhing forms. We will hardly be convinced that in this gruesome ritual these worshipers find the deepest answer to religion's quest. But such is the case. To them, flagellation vitiates its right to be regarded as worshipful and redemptive in so far as it leads to heroic living. It is, then, not far removed from the religions which teach mankind that suffering unites one with Jesus. To those who believe in it, it appears right."

AFTER DEATH: Cremation Seen as Relief From Increasing Burial Problems

Last winter, China outlawed its cacophonic funeral processions of jazz bands and *papier-mâché* dragons. Soon after, Adolf Hitler tried to discourage portrait-markers over graves, strove for a uniformity of tombstones in Germany.

About the same time, eight ministers of Middletown, New York, took action on a long-sensitive subject of debate between sentimentalists and realists: Are modern funerals unnecessary emotional and financial outlays?

Their answer was yes, that "respect for the dead" and "fine funerals" have no connection whatsoever, that only a false set of values causes people to spend lavishly on the dead when the living go hungry. They suggested diverting to charity money used for "ostentatious" floral displays, fine caskets, expensive clothes for the corpse and monumental gravemarkers.

Experiences Related—Tho many Americans have suffered inwardly over these funeral extravaganzas and the "ugly marble orchards" that dot the countryside or cling to grimy city walls, they have hesitated to break through the veils of piety and reserve surrounding death.

Last week, however, a slim book, reprinted from a prize-winning article in March issues of *Reader's Digest* and *Forum* magazines, appeared to voice their sentiments as they have never been expressed before. The author, a writer prominent in another field, refused to reveal her identity, took the pen name of Frances Newton, for the article tells fearlessly her own experience in choosing a resting-place for her father.

Her solution is cremation instead of

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GET THE SYSTEM, BROTHER! ALKA-SELTZER-IZE
GAS IN THE STOMACH
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burial. The difference between costs could go to perpetuate the memory of the deceased in scholarships for the young. And once you know what it really is, cremation is, at least in Mrs. Newton's opinion, an ending easier to bear than burial in crowded modern cemeteries.

For years, she had unrelentingly opposed it, yet like countless other thousands, had refused to face the "inevitability" of death by making "arrangements," as the advertisements advise.

Then necessity forced a decision. Her father was about to die. She had always wanted a grassy plot on a little hill where she and her husband also could rest together. But a visit to choose such a site proved her dreams a wild fancy.

Assailed By Horror—"We drove along the landscaped driveways, past unending rows of graceless, ugly blobs of stone, each a memorial to some loved one, in mass a monstrous blight upon the land, a horrible desecration of the serenity and peace we imagine is in death.

"It was a cold, wet mid-December day, and through me swept a feeling of utter horror for what we were doing. There, in that manufactured park with its ghoulish artificiality, with its interminable monuments to bad taste, wealth and social position . . . we were planning to place the body of a beautiful and dignified old man who had lived generously and who had loved beauty in his time."

Even here, tho, an acceptable plot, she found, would cost $1,700. Single graves in a long row beside a highway fence were $75. Other lots cost $2,800.

"More to bury the dead than care for the living," she said. "It's all wrong. While men and women are hungry, no one should pay such sums to care for the dead."

Peace Found—In the Crematory, however, she found all the peace, dignity and beauty she had missed in the burial-ground. An old verger, in charge of the chapel, explained how, at the service's end, the casket disappears from sight, leaving only its blanket of flowers above the floor; how it is lowered to a crypt below, then taken to a long, white-tiled chamber containing the "retort" in which cremation actually takes place.

He explained that cremation does not, contrary to popular opinion, set fire to a body, but that an intense light—"light, like the sun"—consumes it to ashes. The writer was convinced.

Her father would be cremated, his memory perpetuated in a scholarship at his old university.

Travel

ON THE GO: Short Cruises Popularize Winter and Summer Vacation Sea Trips

No longer is travel seasonal. Winter spring, summer and autumn, Americans are going places, seeing things. And they don't have to tote hefty bank-rolls to do it, either.

Progressive business men are finding that their employees get in better licks at their jobs when they have more than the statutory two-weeks' vacation. A change of scenery for a few days, basking on a sun-deck aboard a subtropical cruise-ship or scooting down a twisting ski-trail adds punch to a salesgirl's technique.

News of Hawaii Photo

Winter vacations enable the great American public to play in tropical waters

Last winter, 6,000 employees of R. H. Macy & Co., New York department store, had time off for short holidays, went back to their jobs with renewed vigor. It was sound common sense, not psychiatry, that told Macy executives that winter holidays would pay dividends in employee efficiency.

Perhaps half of Macy's employees went on short cruises to the West Indies, saw Congress and the other spectacles at Washington, tried ski-jumping in the Berkshires or Poconos, breathed deeply of invigorating salt air in Atlantic City or opened up their summer cabins for a good loaf.

New Policy—Some, members of Macy's Mutual Aid Society, went to their lake and farm near swanky Tuxedo, while luckier ones got sales-record prizes—cruises to Bermuda.

Approximately a hundred great business enterprises have instituted this same policy of winter vacations. Not all contribute to the boom in cruise-travel, but the fact remains that an increasing number of Americans of modest means are cruising, winter as well as summer.

They go, not to see things so much as to get away from things, and for other unsuspected reasons. In 1935, there came, out of nowhere, a boom in the travel business, a boom of unprecedented proportions.

Travel is in the top flight of world industries. Tho it's impossible to give more than an approximate estimate of the total volume of world travel to-day, competent guessers predict that 1937 will be the greatest travel year, surpassing predepression boom-times.

This industry's ledger-figures may be given only in general terms, for travel affects almost every individual and almost every basic and secondary industry. Last year's bill for Americans, alone, was more than two billion dollars; this year's may reach three billions.

Variety—Twenty-five to thirty cruise-ships leave New York every week on regular routes or special cruise schedules. Some voyages last only a few days, others are trips around the world taking from three to six months.

There are many trips of intermediate length, those of from a fortnight to a month being most popular. There are cruises for almost any purse, but the average cost is $10 to $15 a day, in all. A three-week trip averages from $210 to $315 unless *de luxe* quarters are taken.

For those with less time on their hands, the short cruise is winner. A decade ago the short cruise was unknown. There were round-the-world junkets lasting four months, Mediterranean cruises of six weeks and occasional jaunts to South America lasting three or four weeks.

For the most part, great liners lay idle between trips when the tourist season was at its height as well as when it was in the winter doldrums. Bottoms went on rusting, insurance payments fell due, office landlords had to get their rent and the overhead was terrific.

Then, in 1930, a smart young travel-agent named Ralph Dellevie painted a new travel picture. He it was who popularized the short cruise, within reach of winter vacationists who were beginning to profit from the new business policy of giving time off to climate-harassed workers.

Race Is On—Boldly chartering three idle liners, he ran newspaper advertisements, sent them all out on one week-end afternoon with the "Standing Room Only" sign out. Two cruisers ran to Bermuda, one to Havana and a new era in travel was born.

Shipping lines knew Dellevie had something there. Realizing that they might as well keep their liners busy instead of letting them lie empty at expensive piers, they immediately scheduled short cruises.

The important thing was that Americans who never before had boarded a liner got a taste for ocean life. They had tried something new, liked it, went back for more. Smack in the middle of the depression a new industry arose.

For another thing, it changed the time of year in which a substantial part of the public makes holiday. Naturally, it was the New Yorkers who cottoned to the new vacation plan first. Thirty-six out of every hundred Americans boarding liners are New Yorkers.

Soon, it was not uncommon to find the smaller fry of New York offices vacation-

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ing in Bermuda, Havana and elsewhere along with the higher-ups.

Low Cost—It costs no more to go on a ten- or twelve-day cruise than it does to tour across country in the family car. Passenger-lists of any outgoing liner reveal salesgirls from bargain-counters along with buyers going on the firm's business.

Wherever the cruise-ship goes, it leaves a wake of growing popularity.

Radio

AIR ARGUMENTS: Radical Broadcasting Changes Asked by Ruth Brindze in New Book

Congressmen this week shuffled plans for an investigation of radio broadcasting. Face cards in the deck were charges of censorship, partizanship, monopoly. Possible joker was a bill for a Government-owned station.

Vandamm

Ruth Brindze calls for a radio clean-up

Dealt out, however, was at least an even chance of a hot discussion for the public of "freedom of the air," as Ruth Brindze brought out a book "Not to Be Broadcast."* The former *Nation* columnist, an avowed Leftist and consumer-defender, had gathered together all the facts she could find, hammered them into a sharp accusation against the chains, hoped to duplicate the popularity of "100,000,000 Guinea Pigs."

Nothing new to broadcasts, Miss Brindze's charges emphasized:

1. Big business controls broadcasting.
2. The Government, through the Federal licensing power over the nation's 580 stations, also censors and controls broadcasting.
3. The dangers to the public, of fascism, of misinformation, of false advertising, are warrants that "something should be done."

"War-Monger" — With quotations interspersed with harsh words, Miss Brindze cries "War-Monger" at Gen. James G. Harbord, Chairman of the Board of the National Broadcasting Company. She lists the banking affiliations of other Directors, trumpets: "The names of Morgan and Rockefeller are blazoned on the house flag of the N.B.C."

An exposition as well as an attack, "Not to Be Broadcast" surveys the beginnings of American broadcasting, demonstrates Federal control through the six-month licensing period of stations, and describes how every European dictator, through State control of radio, has been able to mold public opinion for the worse, overnight.

It shows that while the chains own few stations and operate less than half of all transmitters, they still dominate the radio scene. Reason: N.B.C., Columbia and Mutual operate with a total power of 3,100,000 watts, all other stations have but 200,000 watts.

Frankly disliking the European method of State ownership and non-commercial programs, the author still sees grave dangers in "sponsored" advertising. Bad taste, "imbecilic appeals," lack of "culture," and domination of radio news are other faults Miss Brindze sees in advertisers.

Sees Dishonesty—Raising such celebrated cases as the Vandenberg "phonograph debate" with President Roosevelt, the trouble with Station KFI, Los Angeles, for failing to broadcast a Presidential Fireside Chat, and "propaganda" by such groups as the Crusaders, "Not to Be Broadcast" sees little honesty in the present operation of broadcasting.

Her plans to make radio more "worthwhile" are admittedly incomplete, but include these proposals:

1. Arouse the listening public to the "present dangers."
2. Set up a government station, or chain, as a "yardstick," to give talks by Congressmen on current problems, and general "high class" entertainment. (There is already a State-owned transmitter in Wisconsin, WHA.)
3. Require stations, and propaganda programs, to name their chief financial backers over the air between 7 and 10 P.M. (best listening hours).
4. Provide for free hours on all stations when minority groups may voice their opinions (the stations to be free of libel responsibilities). Require an opportunity to air both sides of controversial issues.
5. Limit chain ownership, both to prevent monopoly and to avoid domination of the air by newspaper publishers, who now control nearly a third of all stations.

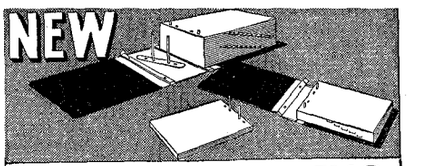
Impartial—Such proposals leave the spokesmen for the chains in a curious position. "We already give all sides a voice," they say. "Didn't Earl Browder, the Communist, get a national network? How about Norman Thomas, Father Coughlin, Upton Sinclair?"

Broadcasters, except the independents, naturally would like no scheme to limit expansion of chains. They point out that engineering difficulties mean that there can be only a hundred "clear channels," without overlapping. And even now, they are planning super-power transmitters, so that half a dozen stations could blanket the nation.

Meanwhile, in propagandized Europe, Germany, Italy, Austria and Russia are engaged in a violent across-the-border radio war, trying to influence opinion.

In Congress, agitation for another radio investigation grows apace as the Supreme Court issue finds pro-Administration and pro-Court microphonists arguing as to which gets the better time on the air.

*Vanguard Press.



RECORD-KEEPING EFFICIENCY . .

MOORE'S Loose Leaf Binders and Record Sheets will help you keep your records more conveniently, more economically. Simple and accessible. A great number of sheets may be safely held in small space. Sheets may be removed instantly without disturbing others. Pages easy to transfer. Held in perfect security and alignment.

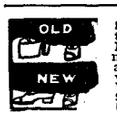
FREE BOOK

140 Pages!

Contains life-size bookkeeping forms completely filled in, illustrating uses—a MOORE form for every kind of record. Will help you with your accounting problems. Used by over 300,000 leading firms. Fill in coupon, attach to letterhead, mail, and 140 page book will be sent *free.*

JOHN C. MOORE CORP., Est. 1839
6195 Stone Street, Rochester, N. Y.

Name.....
Business.....
City.....State.....



LAME PEOPLE need my Nature form Extension Shoe. No matter how short one may be, makes both feet look alike. Ready-made shoes worn. Distance no barrier. Write for booklet. A. L. D. Sinn, 748 Bergen Street, Newark, N. J.

You Can Regain Perfect Speech, if you

STAMMER

Send today for beautifully illustrated book entitled "DON'T STAMMER," which describes the Bogue Unit Method for the scientific correction of stammering and stuttering. Method successfully used at Bogue Institute for 36 years—since 1901. Endorsed by physicians. Full information concerning correction of stammering sent free. No obligation. Benjamin N. Bogue, Dept. 1103, Circle Tower, Indianapolis, Ind.

TYPEWRITER ½ Price

Easy Terms
Only 10c a Day

Save over ½ on all standard office models. Also portables at reduced prices.

SEND NO MONEY

All late models completely refinished like brand new. FULLY GUARANTEED. Big free catalog shows actual machines in full colors. Lowest prices. Send at once. Free course in typing included.

10-day Trial

International Typewriter Exch., 231 W. Monroe St. Dept. 430, Chicago

BIG MONEY BUILDING MEAD'S
NEW Portable OUTBOARD BOAT!

Build this light, tough, durable, seaworthy, *portable Outboard Ki-Yak!* Take it anywhere by hand or car. Safe, leakproof, trouble free. More speed per horsepower, more miles per gallon. MEAD'S perfected aluminum-ribbed cut-to-fit Construction Kit guarantees successful assembly, quickly, easily, economically. Rush dime for details! MEAD GLIDERS, 15 S. Market, Dept. LD-47, CHICAGO.

Enjoy your trip
Mothersills
SEASICK REMEDY
Makes Deck Activities Enjoyable
And Tea a Welcome Event

Vest Pocket ADDING MACHINE

IDEAL FOR BUSINESS OR PERSONAL USE. Does work of more costly machine. Counts up to million, made of steel—weighs 8 ounces. Simple, accurate. Not a toy. Guaranteed 5 years.

FREE TRIAL Send No Money! $2.50 Total Cost

Order from ad, not sold in stores. Just send name and address. On delivery pay postman $2.50 (plus few cents postage). (If outside U. S. send cash), 10c additional in Leatherette Case. If not satisfied after 10 days' trial you get your money back. Thousands of Satisfied Users. Write for Agents' Proposition. Calculator Machine Co., Mfrs., P.O. Box 1118, Dept. 885, Chicago

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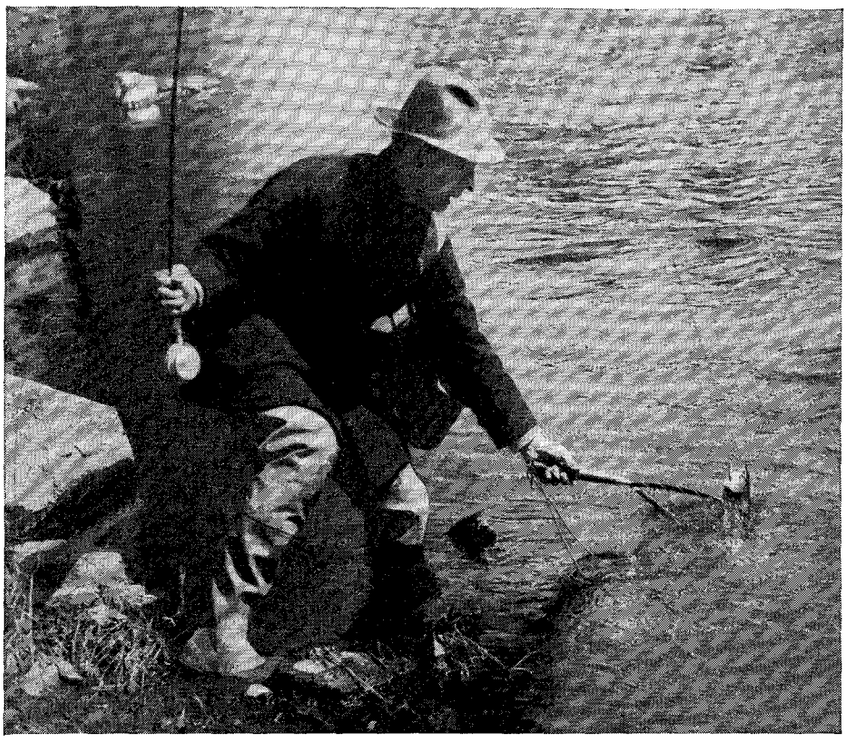
SEASON NEARS FOR SPORT FISHING

Anglers Prepare Gear and Stories for Great Attack



Wide World

End of a tussle with a sixteen-inch trout . . . Louis Manileve represents millions of American sportsmen who find trout-fishing an exciting game

Lord, suffer me to catch a fish
So large that even I,
When talking of it afterwards,
May have no need to lie.
—From an Old Book.*

Humming their own variations of this ancient doggerel, a goodly proportion of America's 10,000,000 amateur fishermen this week are busily sandpapering winter rust from last year's tackle, hopes and alibis in preparation for what, to them, is the only April event of any consequence: The opening of the trout season (see box).

By midmonth, neophyte and expert Izaak Waltons in more than half the United States will be whipping trout streams in pursuit of an elusive game fish more than casually responsible for the development of angling into a $500,000,000 industry.

Last year, the country's 7,500,000 licensed and 2,500,000 unlicensed fishermen spent $15,000,000 for tackle alone, and splurged the rest of the half-billion-dollar outlay on clothes, transportation, lodging, provisions, guides and incidentals more or less vital to the sport. On the average, the season costs them $50 apiece, representing an increase of approximately 25 per cent. over 1935, and an all-time record.

Heavy Gear—A large part of the 200 per cent. jump in expenditures by fishermen during the past four years is traceable to the recent boom in salt-water fishing. But for years trout have been a No. 1 attraction for fresh-water anglers, and undoubtedly will lure more sportsmen to the nation's brooks and streams this season than ever before.

In general, North American lake and brook trout are pretty well distributed north of 40 degrees latitude, which cuts approximately midway through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Utah and Nevada, and roughly forms an upper boundary for Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado and California.

The heaviest concentration of trout is in the New England, Rocky Mountain, Pacific Coast and Southwest States, in New York, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Michigan, Wisconsin and in Canada. Apparently the only troutless States are Alabama, Florida, Kansas, Louisiana and Mississippi.

East of the Mississippi River, anglers can whip streams for the European brown and Lock Leven trout, and thirteen native species of the char-trout. West of the Mississippi, there are almost twenty-five native species.

Supply—Despite the tremendous scope of America's trout-fishing domain and the constant work of State Conservation Departments in restocking streams with billions of hatchery-nurtured fish every year, a few million people with more than a few million dollars to spend should, apparently, be able to wipe out the trout population in short order. Actually, soil-erosion and water-contamination do far more destruction than the fishermen, only one in a thousand of whom, some cynics maintain, know how to fish anyway.

Boringly familiar to every working and non-working fisherman are cartoons showing a barefoot country boy hooking dozens of ten-inch trout with a stick, twine and a bent pin garnished with worms, while the "city guy," with $500 worth of paraphernalia, catches nothing.

Truth is, most sportsmen are more interested in the fishing than in the fish. Except for the first few weeks, before the live flies and bugs come out of hiding, using a worm for bait is tabu.

Fly Fans—For larger trout, many sportsmen prefer a "wet fly," a gaudy bunch of feathers, silk and tinsel pulled along under water in simulation of a small fish. Or imitation caterpillars, locusts, grasshoppers, bumblebees, horse-flies, mice or frogs.

For smaller trout, sportsmen use a "dry fly," which looks and floats on the surface like a natural insect. A man can make his own flies, or choose from dozens of commercially manufactured ones marketed under such luring names as Royal Coachman, Pale Evening Dun, Ginger Quill, Parmachenee Belle, Blue Winged Olive and so on.

Enthusiasts aren't exaggerating when they call fly-fishing an art. Just as there are a hundred and one types of flies, leaders, rods, reels and lines, so are there a thousand and one tricks and stratagems to learn before you can catch, and land, your quota of trout.

Casting so that the dry fly gently lights on the water without making a splash and floats naturally on the surface is a painstaking, patience-exacting business. Trout are timid. The slightest ripple may frighten them away.

You can talk or shout as loudly as you like: The fish can't hear you. But they are supersensitive to vibrations in the water.

In moving water, it's best to fish upstream. At rest, fish face the current and hold themselves almost motionless with slight movements of their fins. The thing to do is to drop the fly in front of them, and let it float down to them.

Another advantage of working upstream is that the fish can't see you coming. Be careful of shadows, too, and wearing metal objects that reflect the sun's rays. Fish have sharp eyes.

Sleuthing—The hardest thing about fishing is, of course, finding the fish. Trout prefer those parts of the stream or pool where they find the most protection and the best food. Under an overhanging bank, for instance, with plenty of shade and a tasty assortment of insects floating past.

Brown trout like quiet, backwater pools. Speckled trout go for fast, choppy currents. The rainbow, probably the most beautiful of all, prefers frothy, tumbling water. A good place to find rainbow trout is below a waterfall.

Many fishermen carry thermometers to test the temperature of the water. A hot sun beating down on still water removes much of the oxygen from it. Fish have to have plenty of oxygen, and consequently head for fast-running, invigorating water on a hot day.

Rod All-Important—But stream thermometers, like expensive oilskin jackets and trick mosquito-net hats, aren't essential. The most important item is a good rod, well balanced by both the line and the reel, not too stiff nor too pliant.

Bamboo has been used for fishing-rods for at least 4,000 years. Split bamboo rods, made by gluing triangular strips

*If any reader can identify this verse, let him communicate post-haste with THE DIGEST'S Izaak Walton.

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together, came into use less than a hundred years ago.

The best commercial bamboo comes from the tropics. It grows rapidly, sometimes as much as a foot a day, and often reaches a height of 120 feet. Its value for fishing-rods lies in its lightness, hardness, strength and elasticity. Under compression, bamboo can take as much as 5,500 pounds, can resist breaking by bending under pressures up to 13,000 pounds per square inch.

Until half a century ago, bamboo used in rod-making came exclusively from India, was easily recognized by the dark, irregular scorch marks from the hot irons with which it was straightened. To-day, nearly all American rods are made of Tonkin cane, grown in French Cochin-China. It is unscorched, bright yellow.

Rod manufacturers age and season bamboo in steam-boxes. It can be tempered like steel and other metals.

Properly cured, the rectangular strips are planed to triangular shapes, and tapered, by sections, to the one-thousandth of an inch. The strips are then glued together, forming a symmetrically-tapered rod about a half-inch in diameter at the butt, and one-sixteenth of an inch at the tip. Many makers allow them to dry for a full year before completing the rod.

Tackle Care—Most rods come in three sections. For fly-fishing, they are usually between eight and nine feet long, and weigh only four or five ounces.

Before opening day, experienced fishermen inspect their rods carefully, recementing loose ferrules (metal joints at the end of each section) and tips, and revarnishing worn spots on the bamboo after rubbing them down with steel wool or sandpaper.

During the season, experts say, a wet or damp rod should never be put away in an air-tight case. It should be wiped dry first, then gone over with an oily cloth. Otherwise, mildew will soften the glue and ruin the rod.

Many anglers clean their reels with a tooth-brush and gasoline, then lubricate them with fresh grease or vaseline.

Experienced fishermen are careful of their lines, too. Some of the better quality ones cost upward of $25 for fifty yards. One effective way of preserving them is to rub them, when they're dry, with mineral oil. And always run the line off the reel when you finish a day's fishing and let it dry.

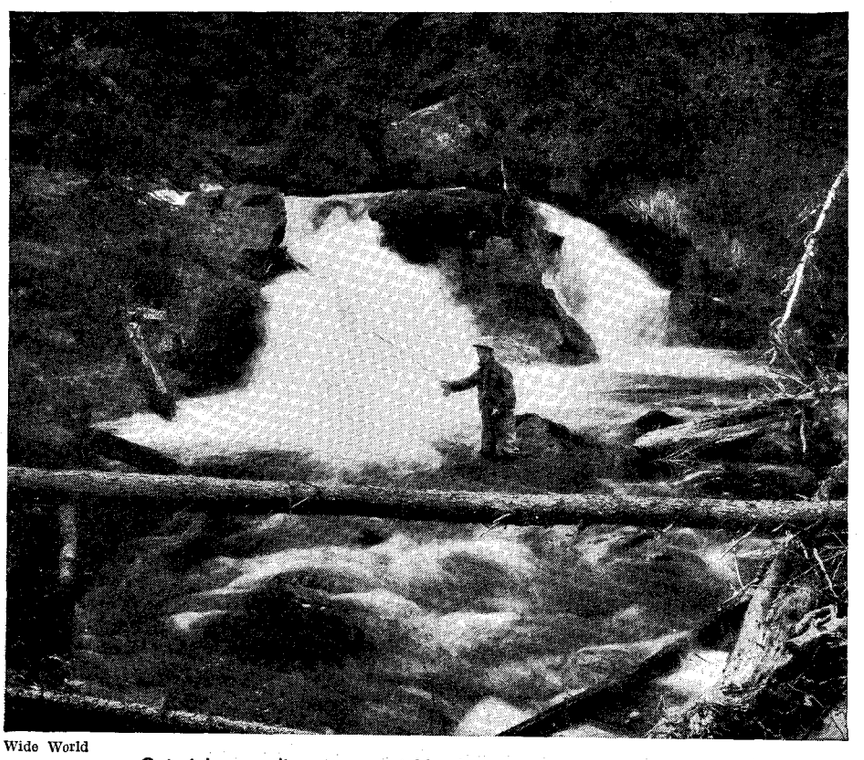
Hooks—Most sportsmen throw out their rusted hooks before the season gets under way. Fish-hooks, incidentally, weren't hooks originally. They were perfectly straight, with the line fastened to the middle. When the fish took the bait and swallowed it, the angler pulled on the line, which turned the "hook" to a vertical position.

To novices contemplating their first trout-fishing outfit, the major worry is: How much will it cost? To that question, sporting goods dealers have a ready answer: How much do you want to spend?

While there are as many price-scales as there are dealers, probably the minimum outlay for a fairly good outfit is $20. Cheap rods can be bought for $3. Other necessary items are: Leaders (gut cords for attaching the hook to the line), a line, hooks, reel, creel (basket for carrying fish), boots and a landing net.

In the medium price range, starting with an $18.50 rod, the total cost, including a dozen flies, will probably run around $55. If you want a really fine outfit, complete with such fancy trimmings as a thermometer, fly oil and dressing, aluminum rod case and wading jacket, be prepared to shell out about $200. The rod alone will cost you $67.50, the reel $24.

After that, the sky's the limit. You can spend several hundred dollars for a rod, if you want to. No matter what kind of an outfit you have, your fishing license will probably not cost more than $2. Non-resident licenses are invariably more expensive than resident licenses.



Wide World

Ontario's cascading streams yield wily trout to sporting fishermen

Open Seasons for Trout

In many States, Fish and Game Commissions can shorten, change, or close fishing seasons at any time. Barring last-minute changes, the following are the open seasons for trout-fishing in the United States this year:

Alabama:	no closed season.
Arizona:	June 1 to Sept. 30.
Arkansas:	May 1 to October 31.
California:	varies with individual districts. Earliest opening day: May 1.
Colorado:	May 25 to Oct. 31.
Connecticut:	April 15 to July 15.
Delaware:	April 16 to August 15.
Florida:	no closed season.
Georgia:	June 2 to April 14.
Idaho:	varies with individual districts. Earliest opening day: April 15.
Illinois:	April 15 to August 31.
Indiana:	April 1 to August 31.
Iowa:	April 15 to Sept. 1.
Kansas:	no closed season.
Kentucky:	June 1 to April 30.
Louisiana:	no State-wide closed season.
Maine:	from time ice goes out to August 15.
Maryland:	April 1 to June 30.
Massachusetts:	April 15 to July 31.
Michigan:	April 24 to Sept. 6.
Minnesota:	May 1 to Sept. 1.
Mississippi:	no State-wide closed season.
Missouri:	March 1 to Oct. 31.
Montana:	May 21 to March 14.
Nebraska:	April 1 to October 31.
Nevada:	March 1 to October 1.
New Hampshire:	May 1 to August 31.
New Jersey:	April 15 to July 15; Sept. 1 to Sept. 30.
New Mexico:	May 15 to Nov. 15.
New York:	April 3 to August 31.
North Carolina:	April 15 to August 31.
North Dakota:	May 2 to Sept. 30.
Ohio:	April 15 to Sept. 15.
Oklahoma:	no closed season.
Oregon:	April 5 to October 31.
Pennsylvania:	April 15 to July 31.
Rhode Island:	April 15 to July 15.
South Carolina:	no closed season.
South Dakota:	April 1 to Sept. 30.
Tennessee:	March 2 to Nov. 30.
Texas:	June 1 to Dec. 31.
Utah:	June 15 to Oct. 31.
Vermont:	May 1 to August 14.
Virginia:	April 15 to June 30.
Washington:	April 4 to October 31.
West Virginia:	April 15 to July 31.
Wisconsin:	May 1 to August 31.
Wyoming:	April 1 to Nov. 30.

Note: In all States, consult county and local commissions for exceptions.

SPORT SHOTS

Since 1923 the most persistent jinx in modern sporting history has thwarted Oxford University's efforts to beat Cambridge in the world's oldest intercollegiate rowing-race.

Last week nearly 500,000 Britons lining the four miles, 374 yards of Thames River from Putney Bridge to Mortlake Brewery made Cambridge a 3 to 1 favorite to extend its winning streak to fourteen straight.

After the first false start since the rivalry began in 1829, Oxford took a late lead, fought off an impressive Cambridge challenge, and won by three lengths. The Dark Blue's winning time (22 minutes, 39 seconds) was the slowest in sixty years.

* * *

Familiar to Americans as an amusement-park gambling game, the sport of tossing steel-tipped, feathered darts at a round numbered board is sweeping England almost as wildly as the yo-yo craze of several years ago.

Using standardized boards and playing under severe rules, 4,000 dart-throwers competed in the recent tournament of the National Darts Association, whose membership exceeds 250,000. Official darts are made of brass instead of wood, and are scientifically designed. Championships are played in dead silence.

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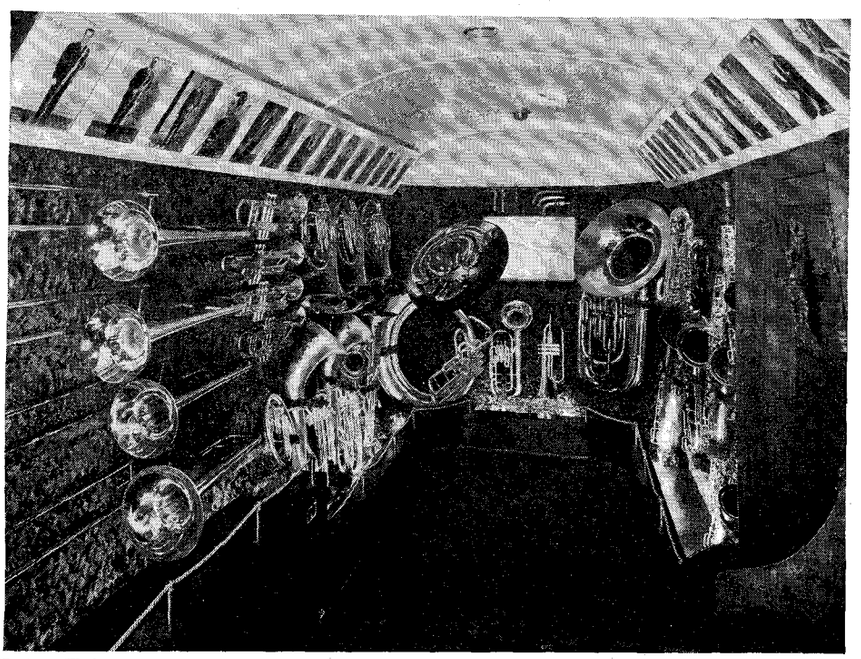
TRAILERS NEW MERCHANDISING ASSET

Mobile Display Supplants Old-Time Showroom for Salesmen



Business Week

Bringing the showroom to the buyer . . . a modern trailer with elaborate indirect lighting gives a dazzling display of orchestral instruments

In Baltimore last week, an oversized trailer rolled to a halt before a row of white-stooped homes. Out popped nine salesmen, who proceeded to ring door-bells, rustle out housewives, and lead them to the Hecht electrical store on wheels. There the housewives admired—and bought—hair-curlers, sun-ray lamps, egg-cookers, mixers, vacuum-cleaners.

If the customers would not come to Hecht's Department Store, its shrewd merchandisers figured, the store would go to the customers.

Elsewhere throughout the country, other retailers, and manufacturers as well, have pursued the same idea, have sent display coaches rolling to consumers' and dealers' door-steps.

"Drummers" who heretofore have traveled by train and lodged their sample cases in hotel rooms to which they have had to inveigle busy dealers, now are rid of that problem for good. They have but to haul their trailers to the retailer and invite him in. There, neatly and compactly arranged, the storekeeper finds a complete line of merchandise. The factory, to all intents and purposes, has been brought to him.

Mobile Kitchens—The General Electric Co., for example, is now sending seventy-five model kitchens on wheels into areas which heretofore have not been exploited extensively. The Phillips-Jones Corp. has stocked ten custom-built trailers with smart display cases bearing the latest Van Heusen collars, shirts, underwear. For good measure it has outfitted its ambulant display-rooms with big easy chairs, desks and typewriters—all the conveniences of the modern showroom.

Even casket manufacturers are bringing their wares to the undertaker's door. By stepping out of his mortuary and into the trailer, the undertaker can appraise the latest coffins, neatly built into the sides of the showroom.

The Indiana State Board of Health recently installed a dental clinic in a trailer, cushioned the trailer with special shock absorbers to safeguard delicate instruments, sent it into small rural communities to provide dental care for schoolchildren.

Singer Sewing Machine Co., Rockwood and Co. (candy), Toledo Scale Co. and an increasing host of manufacturers daily are turning to trailers. Furthermore, by equipping these mobile showrooms with living-quarters for salesmen, manufacturers save on hotel expenses. And trailers, rapidly going into use as traveling shoe repair shops, as living-quarters for surveyors and engineers, are steadily winning commercial demand.

Not New—To graying citizens, rolling stores and display-rooms are not new. They are just tidier and more efficient versions of caravans with which itinerant medicine show and pitchmen delighted suburban and rural folk of the '80s and '90s.

To cool-headed trailer manufacturers who have consistently discounted wild-eyed estimates that trailer-making would convert America into a vast rolling camp, commercial demand means that the trailer business is outgrowing the fad stage. This year half of all new trailers will be absorbed for business purposes.

Optimistic observers had estimated that the end of 1937 might see 1,000,000 trailers crowding the highways. *Automotive Daily News*, automobile trade paper, is not so sanguine. An estimated 160,000 house trailers are now being hauled about the country, the paper guesses. Even if 1937 production achieves 100,000 units, total trailers at the end of the year will be far short of the million-unit figure. Nevertheless, 1937 production will dwarf 1936 output substantially. Trailer sales last year topped 35,000, yielded a gross of $19,000,000. This year's gross is expected to exceed $55,000,000. And to the 100,000 trailers estimated to be made must be added some 20,000 other trailers which amateur mechanics or neighborhood carpenters and cabinetmakers will hammer together in their back yards.

Manufacturing Problems—In planning production, manufacturers operate under no illusions. They know that the land-yacht which they build costs only an added gallon of gasoline to haul a hundred miles behind an ordinary car, abolishes taxes and rent, and therefore exerts an irresistible appeal to numerous people. But manufacturers know also that tax-exemptions can not be expected to continue if the number of trailers increases. Furthermore, traffic problems which trailers create will soon precipitate a flock of municipal and other legal restrictions, thus curbing that freedom of movement which is one of the trailer's chief assets.

Nor do trailer producers place much stock in the theory that the trailer is the long-looked-for solution to low-cost housing. As a matter of fact, the 400-odd trailer manufacturers would like to hear as little as possible about the trailer as a permanent address. Lawmakers might take it into their heads to tax trailers as dwellings, thus curb sales of pleasure trailers.

No. 1 builder of trailers is Arthur George Sherman, a producer of vaccines and serums by vocation (Sherman Laboratories, Detroit), a builder of trailers by accident.

The middle-aged bacteriologist is still scratching his gray head over the mushroom success of his Covered Wagon trailers, so dubbed by his children. He plumped into the business unexpectedly after he had built his own box-like trailer, six by nine feet, and with it had taken his wife and five children on a vacation. "Trailer tappers"—people who tap on windows and invite themselves in on an inspection tour—were so numerous that Sherman decided to risk $10,000 in building camping-trailers for sale. At Mt. Clemens, a suburb of Detroit, he thus launched the trailer manufacturing industry.

Growth—In 1930, visitors to Detroit's automobile show mobbed Sherman's first trailer. He sold it on the spot for $400 and took orders for more. Next year he sold 117 units. Covered Wagon's sales last year grossed $3,000,000, piled up $150,000 profits. Sherman's investment, until that time, totaled some $12,000. This year, Covered Wagon has issued $750,000 of stocks, and with the proceeds expects to expand its plant so as to manufacture 20,000 trailers (four times as many as last year) and to gross $10,000,000.

From Covered Wagon's 1,000 dealers (last year there were 100), you can buy a seventeen-foot Master for $645, a nineteen-foot DeLuxe for $865, and a twenty-three-foot Custom Coach for $1,260. The $645 coach accounts for more than half of Covered Wagon's sales.

No. 2 and No. 3 manufacturers of trailers are the Palace Travel Coach Co., of Flint, Michigan (about 1,500 units last year), and Silver Dome, of Detroit (about 1,000 sales last year).

Silver Dome, Inc. is headed by Norman

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Christian Wolfe, a thin-faced, reticent man of thirty-nine, who built truck bodies for Ford and Chevrolet chassis until those companies went into the business themselves.

Most of the 400 producers of trailers fall into the side-street garage and neighborhood carpenter-shop class. Individually they do not produce more than a half dozen units a year, and rely on automobile parts manufacturers for their axles, springs, wheels and frames.

Small-Time Stuff—By last year, a number of these producers had emerged from the pack and elbowed their way to leading positions. One thing practically all had in common: They had started on a bare shoe-string. Emerging into the top-flight class this year were Schult Trailers, Inc., Elkhart, Indiana; the Aerocar Co., of Detroit (specialists in commercial coaches); the Vagabond Coach Co., of New Hudson, Michigan, and the Elcar Coach Co., of Elkhart, Indiana.

Until recently, names of automobile manufacturers were noticeably absent from this list. And, if the trailer business is booming, you might ask, why have the automobile men stayed away? The chief reason is that trailer-making is still small-time stuff as far as the mass-production automobile industry is concerned. Nevertheless, several in the industry are already in the trailer business. The Federal Motor Truck Co. specializes in spacious commercial trailers. Pierce Arrow brought out its first trailer last October and plans to build some 10,000 more this year. Bender Body Co., of Cleveland, and the Hayes Body Corp., of Grand Rapids, Michigan, which once built bodies for Chrysler, may build 5,000 trailers this year.

This belated entrance into trailer making by automobile men naturally has alarmed trailer manufacturers, who fear they lack the experience in mass production and distribution methods that the automobile men possess.

Prospective buyers will find that the modern trailer holds the fascination of a house-boat. Living-quarters for four, they find, have been jack-knifed neatly into sixteen by six feet.

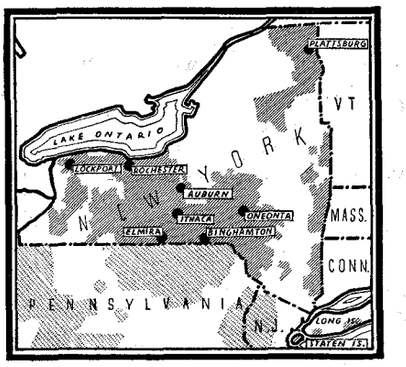
For $800 to $1,200 (the most popular price class), they obtain rolling-cabins complete with folding-tables and beds, davenports, concealed lockers—in which they can cache clothes, mops and brooms—shower-baths and toilets.

If the prospective owner wants to go into trailer-buying in a generous way, he can spend from $3,000 to $10,000 on a custom-built Curtis Aerocar (Coral Gables, Florida), and revel in a luxurious land-yacht that boasts servants' quarters, bath-tub, hot water heater, electric refrigeration, juice for the vacuum-cleaner, and three toilets.

HIGH GEAR: Hudson Motor Shows Big Output, Earnings Increase in 1936

For Hudson Motor Car Company stockholders last week, the unpleasant strike news from Detroit had an offset. Sit-down strikers were halting shipments of Hudson and Terraplane models, just as they were of Chrysler products, but Hudson executives were simultaneously distributing their company's annual report recording for 1936 the greatest volume of shipments in seven years. They added

JOBS FOR 13,800 WORKERS IN NEW YORK STATE



Shaded areas in New York are served by Associated System. Adjoining shaded areas are part of total territory also served by Associated companies.

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that in January and February of 1937 the volume was nearly 50 per cent. greater than in the same months of 1936.

Sharp expansion of the motor industry's output last year was, of course, general. Hudson results, however, were notably satisfactory. Whereas the industry as a whole increased shipments by 12.4 per cent., Hudson's gain was 21.9 per cent. over 1935. In consequence, net earnings were nearly six times as great, amounting to $2.14 a share on Hudson's stock.

At the end of the year the company and its subsidiaries had a ratio of 2.2 to 1 of current assets to current liabilities, and the total of the latter was well exceeded by holdings of cash and government bonds. Moreover, the improvement was accomplished in connection with a reduction in funded debt and in fixed interest thereon. The discouraging, if temporary, labor situation at Detroit made publication of the figures particularly timely.

BOSS BROKER: Stock Exchange Set to Reelect C. R. Gay President for Third Term

Just at this season two years ago, dapper Wall Street stock brokers were in a dither over the future of their personally-owned, personally-managed New York Stock Exchange. The New Deal had done much and seemed bent upon doing much more to take the direction of the all-important primary market for American securities quite out of private hands.

Brokers felt, therefore, that they had missed many tricks and left much undone that might have created public sentiment in favor of their contention that continued private stock market management was a national need. With more or less heat, a majority of them called loudly for a new deal within the New York Stock Exchange itself. They wanted new men in top executive positions there.

The new deal was accordingly installed, and dignified Morgan-broker Richard Whitney, after five years of service, retired as President in favor of little-known commission-house partner Charles Richard Gay. To the latter were credited more modern ideas as to proper policies and the big Exchange's relations with the public.

Subsequent activities of the Exchange's new President did not meet with wholehearted membership approval at once. Seemingly, however, they were helpful. At any rate, the Washington Administration and its S.E.C. did not go as far with Wall Street regimentation as once was feared, and last week Wall Street signified its satisfaction with Charles Richard Gay by refusing to name any one to oppose his election for a third yearly term.

Wants Publicity—In his two years at the top, President Gay has harped persistently upon publicity as a sovereign remedy for most of the evils with which the New York Stock Exchange has been popularly charged. Upon the Exchange itself, and on corporations whose securities are listed there for public trading, he has urged frank disclosures of all such material facts as will make for public understanding of just what stocks and bonds represent, and just how and why they are dealt in at fluctuating prices.

By extensive speechmaking, letter-writing and pamphleteering, he has made the methods and manners of the organized stock market an open book for all to read who will. To broaden and improve New York Stock Exchange contacts, he has traveled persistently to make explanatory addresses before Chambers of Commerce and Rotary Clubs, big and little. His visits to Washington officialdom have been far more numerous than advertised.

Time was when the President of the New York Stock Exchange could treat that position as an avocation and give most of his time to his own business. In recent years, however, the job has been no mere part-time affair. President Gay spends all his working hours upon Stock Exchange matters—too many hours, his family complains—and he has to have a deputy to handle the brokerage operations on the floor of the Exchange which his position as partner in the old brokerage firm of Whitehouse and Company requires.

For his Stock Exchange work, President

Acme

Charles R. Gay, Exchange's "new deal" leader

Gay receives no salary beyond the usual fees for attending committee meetings. His travelings and speakings yield nothing. Nevertheless, he is cheerfully standing for reelection again this year, and he is all but certain to receive a unanimous vote in the balloting next month.

SCRAP TRADE: It's Not Very Lofty But It's Worth Half a Billion Annually

The junk pedler who picks your neighborhood lot clean of rusted bed-springs, iron pipe and junked car motors pursues a humble calling. Add up the gleanings of 150,000 pedlers throughout the country, however, and throw in the mechanized collections of 700 high-power iron and steel scrap wholesalers, and you have a half-billion dollar industry.

You will also have what the scrap dealers proclaim as a basic industry, for scrap supplies steel producers with more than 50 per cent. of their raw material. As a matter of fact, one ton of scrap conserves five tons of natural resources (two tons of iron ore, two tons of coal and one ton of limestone produce one ton of pig iron).

Last week, in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and other Atlantic ports, freight-cars groaned under mountains of scrap, awaiting export overseas. Exporters fumed over the shortage of ships. Rail executives also fumed. The scrap was jamming their terminals.

They ordered a halt to the hauling of scrap, barred the use of the railroads to frantic dealers who had found in Europe's rearmament race a sharp stimulant to scrap prices.

Basic Resource—Steel manufacturers in Pittsburgh, lawmakers in Washington, eyed the fight for steel scrap abroad with little enthusiasm and pondered a drive to dam up the junk in this country. Lawmakers argued that practically every important country except the United States has embargoed scrap exports.

But, against the 30,000,000 tons of scrap remelted last year in the U. S., only 2,000,000 tons went abroad.

The lowly pedler who picks up rusty chunks of iron from back lots collectively accounts for only 25 per cent. of the scrap tonnage gathered annually. It is the sons of the pedlers of several generations ago, who use fleets of trucks to buy scrap directly from the big users of steel, who account for the 75 per cent. of tonnage.

Since the big dealer must pay cash and store his scrap for advantageous prices, he must often tie up large sums of capital. Rusted girders, old locomotives, twisted rails, abandoned machinery flow into his yards. There, overhead electric traveling cranes, equipped with electric magnets, unload trucks. Giant bevel shears, with whale-like jaws, bite mouthfuls from the sides of old steel cars. "Skull crushers" bash in castings.

Railroads Offer Prize—To big scrap dealers, railroads provide most desirable pickings, since a junked railroad may yield as many as eighty different kinds of scrap, including steel rails, melting steel, boiler plates, steel axles, wrought iron, wheels and locomotive tires.

For instance, Summer & Company, of Columbus, Ohio, specializes in buying up whole railroads and suburban lines. The junk company operates them temporarily, pending liquidation, then chops them up for ultimate remelting into steel.

The Boston Iron and Metal Co., of Baltimore, is still busy with the largest scrapping job ever attempted in this country. From the United States Shipping Board in 1934, the company bought 108 derelict vessels. The junk company is still scrapping them. Eventually, the hulks will yield 1,000,000 tons of scrap. At the current yield of $24 a ton for scrap, this operation will gross $24,000,000.

Since the iron and steel scrap industry is composed of many small units, the competition for tonnage is keen and prices fluctuate as swiftly as they do on the stock exchanges.

Altho the modern steel scrap industry is twenty-nine years old, it boasted no trade organization until nine years ago when Benjamin Schwartz, lawyer and trade association enthusiast, embarked on a program of bringing order out of price-cutting. The Scrap Iron and Steel Institute, which he formed, to-day musters a membership that accounts for 90 per cent. of all scrap iron and steel gathered in the country.

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Mail

(Continued from page 2)

newspapers some years ago. I have read practically everything I could get my hands on concerning this "scientific jury." But I have never had the pleasure of reading so concise and illuminating an article as your recent story entitled "Polygraph Proof."

In spite of the somewhat lurid lead with which your writer heads his story, he succeeds in presenting the history and peculiarities of the polygraph with such intelligence and clarity that he deserves my heartiest congratulations. San Francisco, California.

Slips

By ZOE DUNMAN HAYWORTH—

In the March 6 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST appears an interesting article entitled "Mariner's Friend," in which Capt. Walter C. Dibrell is mentioned as follows:

"Over it all (the lighthouse service) is Capt. Walter C. Dibrell. . . . Facially, he is the image of J. P. Morgan. He earns $6,200 a year."

The Coleman (Texas) *Democrat-Voice*, published in the home town of Captain Dibrell where he was reared, in quoting from the article, has this to say:

". . . Financially, he is the image of J. P. Morgan. He earns $6,200.00 a year!"

Evidently the depression has left J. P. a bit short. Austin, Texas.

By ROBERT M. DOCKERAY—

Weekly I turn with zeal to Slips That Pass in Type knowing I will find contained therein a good, hearty cackle. I was sorry, however, to see the one concerning the WPA furnishing poison to farmers appear in the March 13 issue after I had seen it in the February 20 issue.

By way of letting you know that I am not angry with you, I enclose a slip I picked from the *Ohio State Journal*.

Cincinnati *Enquirer*.

Our thanks to Mr. Dockeray for his slip. He will find it by turning to page 40.—*Editor.*

Nazi Press

By FREDERICK J. DAVENPORT—

Your No. 1 article in the issue of March 20 was extremely interesting and well pointed.

I regret that the Nazi newspaper *Der Angriff* is firing at Mayor LaGuardia, an American citizen well known to us all. But if its firing results in a nation-wide consciousness of duties of respect of man for man and race for race, in a tangible improvement in socially integrated economics, and in an abiding faith in Mosaic laws and orders modernly interpreted, then I would bid for more criticism from the Nazi press—and Mr. LaGuardia should feel none the worse. Newberry, South Carolina.

Little Black Bag

By CHARLES WOODWARD—

Your March 6 issue, in which you elucidate for my sake a cryptic allusion that occurred in a previous number, contains a reference which I find even more mysterious than the one you have just cleared up.

It is the story of "the little black hat" in the Teapot Dome Investigation, which you mention as if your readers would immediately recall it. I was interested in that scandal, and I read everything I could find which had any bearing on it. Yet I do not remember even the mention of a black hat, let alone a story about one. Los Angeles, California.

The allusion, as Mr. Woodward suggested, should have read "little black bag." This "little black bag" contained the $100,000 which Secretary of the Interior Albert B. Fall was accused of taking as a bribe from Edward L. Doheny.—*Editor.*

Roosevelt for King

By MARION FELLOWS—

I was extremely amused and a trifle annoyed by your piece in the March 20 issue on the Roosevelt for King movement. If you have no objections, I will forget the amusement for the nonce and give vent to the annoyance.

Here are a few things which you couldn't very well have pointed out in the article because of your lack of editorialism:

First, that the founders of the movement are young squirts from "good" (meaning wealthy) families. They all have fortunes or interests to protect. That they know little about economics and labor problems is obvious by the callow way they attempt to ape the more intelligent "Veterans of Future Wars." They have absorbed some of the ultra-conservative, even reactionary, idea of their parents and are hitting for a little publicity on the strength of something that admittedly came from an older, if not more rational, person. There is not, in short, an original thought in the lot of them.

Now, organized tomfoolery on a large scale is swell. I'm in favor of it. But it should have the elements of originality, and, what is most important, its proponents must know something of the workings of what they are kidding. These lads are trying to spoof the Government in general and Roosevelt in particular without any of these essentials at their command. They have no idea of the work Roosevelt is doing; they know nothing of the workings of the Supreme Court. All their conclusions are drawn from clichés and catch-phrases they have heard.

Here are a few good essentials of Government that their professors could tell them: The American Government was very purposely designed in three sections so that any two could control the third.

When so much power is delegated to the Supreme Court, a check must be placed on it. If the adolescent satirists from Yale will "look at the record," they will discover that the Supreme Court has time after time nullified laws made by the Congress and executed by the President.

Of course, conservatives claim the President has gained control of Congress and wants to control the Supreme Court. Poppycock! The President does not control the Congress while he is being bitterly opposed on every issue by men within his own Party. He could not control the Supreme Court if he wanted to because he would not dare to put puppets in the highest court in the land.

Perhaps the boys from Yale would like to know a few things about how a monarchy works? Let me recommend that they drop certain courses in the history of art and appreciation of music and study political economy. New York.

By HAROLD B. YUDKIN, Imperial Dictator, McReynolds-for-Emperor—

THE LITERARY DIGEST of March 20 grants "Roosevelt-for-King" over a column of space while neglecting to mention the University of Richmond Law School's immediate crackback entitled McReynolds-for-Emperor.

The whiskers on any Roosevelt-for-King idea, which was originated in a Menckenian *American Mercury* satirization during the "first four long years" have been exposed.

We think it news, therefore, that in the campus study, where Chief Justice John Marshall once lectured, a militant organization crowned a withered nag (symbolic) as Emperor All-Powerful I, with the resolution:

"On April 1, 1937, on the highest portion of the Supreme Court a platform be erected towering high above the Capitol, and at high noon, upon such a platform, in the assembled presence of a kneeling Congress and all-subservient President, there shall James Clark McReynolds be crowned Emperor All-Powerful I. . . ." Richmond, Virginia.

Child Labor

By GERTRUDE FOLKS ZIMAND, National Child Labor Committee—

I read with great interest your leading article this week on the Child Labor Amendment.

However, the last paragraph, which quotes the opinion of working class children, seems to show some inaccuracy of sampling. The answers of these children seem to indicate that they all thought the amendment was a law barring all employment under eighteen years. New York City, New York.

Did You Know—

That while 90,000,000 Americans have defective eyes, only 34,000,000 wear spectacles? (See Page 17.)

That the University of Chicago Interfraternity Council excludes Negro Greek letter societies? (See Page 29.)

That an Italo-American family which has been making candles for 165 years, still turns them out at the rate of 2,000,000 annually? (See Page 24.)

That there are 138,542 little red schoolhouses in the United States, the most famous in New York's Greenwich Village? (See Page 28.)

That there are 150,000 square feet in the Ringling Brothers Barnum and Bailey Circus's "Big Top"? (See Page 20.)

That among Mae West's favorite books are those about "bad women who've made good"? (See Page 26.)

That making a child suck his thumb before a mirror twice a day is a good way to cure him of the habit? (See Page 22.)

That Hitler's Germany even seeks to make the tombstones uniform? (See Page 31.)

"STILL WATERS"

—Hutton in Philadelphia Inquirer

"OH, SO THAT'S THE KIND OF A SAILOR HE IS!"

—Ding in Herald Tribune

"IF NOAH HAD BEEN FORCED TO BUILD TO-DAY INSTEAD OF THEN"

—Racey in Times-Picayune

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Off-Side

Powdering—Tokyo's beautification efforts include a course in nose-powdering and general make-up for girl bus conductors. They are escorted in squads to a department store beauty department for the instruction.

* * *

Skunks—Services were suspended for two weeks while skunks romped amid the pews of St. Matthew's Lutheran Church at Woodland, Wisconsin. They moved into the basement last fall, were later roused by early warm weather. Then a wooden trap got them out of the church entirely and churchgoers resumed worship.

* * *

Tooter—Mrs. Rita Dubow of Chicago received a summons because her twenty-one-month-old son, Arnold, went on a tooting spree. While she went into a bank the infant pounded the horn at a traffic officer, violating the noise ordinance.

* * *

Lobbyists—A number of Nevada bartenders turned up at Carson City to lobby for the cause of forbidding women to usurp their places behind the State's bars. Several maintained this endangered the prestige of the State with visiting feminine divorce seekers.

* * *

Blushes—Dr. Wilfred B. Massie, veterinarian, blushed for seventy-two miles when he found that he had driven the wrong car from Indianapolis to his home near Richmond, Indiana. His wife discovered the error and they drove back.

* * *

Carver—David Driscoll of Springfield, Ohio, is believed to be the only finger-nail stone carver in the world. He carves statues and plaques with his nails.

* * *

Books—"All is forgiven," was the statement of the Johnson City, New York, library, in announcing a "fineless week" to overdue book borrowers.

* * *

Lion—A most mysterious robbery occurred in Atlanta, Georgia, when an enterprising gang stole a 500-pound concrete lion on Moreland Avenue, leaving a twin at the same address. The lions were hardly noticed until a resident suggested a new coat of paint. This, apparently, attracted the thieves.

* * *

Pants—Perusing movie properties recently arrived from Samoa, Hollywood technicians were amazed to come across "glass pants." Investigation proved them to be straw cylinders used in the tropics to cover the lower halves of glasses containing iced drinks.

* * *

Pennies—A mile of pennies was set as the goal in the fund drive by the Sunday school class of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Perryopolis, Pennsylvania. The sum is to repair the church building and it is estimated it will take 84,480 pennies to fill the program.

* * *

Tooth-Brush—Always anxious to celebrate something or other, French dentists and public health officials are planning to honor the 160th anniversary of the introduction of the tooth-brush into France. When introduced in 1777, the newfangled devices were looked upon suspiciously.

WHAT'S THE NAME, PLEASE?

Ajello—candle-maker (p. 24)—*j* as *y: ah-yel'low.*

Antoine—Metropolitan soprano—as in French: *an-twahn'.*

Blachly—economist—as if written *blatch'ly.*

Brégy—poet, author, lecturer—calls herself *bray'zhee.*

Antonia Brico—conductress—a correction: call her *an-toe'nya bree'ko.*

Clas—Federal director of housing—*a* of *ask: class.*

Eleazar Lopez Contreras—President of Venezuela (p. 10)—*el"e-ay-sar' lo'pess con-trayr'as.*

Eccles—Chairman, Federal Reserve—not *ek'kleez,* as sometimes heard, but a rime with *freckles.*

Slips That Pass in Type

Miss A— R— has returned from St. Louis where she went in the interest of her military business.—*Owensboro (Ky.) paper.*

Guns gracious!

The drive for entrants will be continued throughout the next two months with a dairying mass meeting to be held within two weeks at which time a purebred bull heifer will be given away.—*Oxford (Miss.) paper.*

Paging our live stock expert.

T. B. N. . . , Jr., manager of the theater, said he issued the passes on request, but mouse and senate members issued denials.—*Houston (Texas) paper.*

All we issue is a gasp of amazement.

Lost: White collie, with collar around Livingston and Fourth Streets.—*Columbus (Ohio) paper.*

Dragging them along with him?

If you wish to compliment your hostess, call her an "unusual" antique.—*Long Beach (Calif.) paper.*

Don't you do any such thing.

The spectators frenziedly trample each other under foot when a Negress appears clad only in a banana.—*New York paper.*

You can hardly blame them.

He was sentenced to five years in district court, on a bigamy charge.—*Hutchinson (Kan.) paper.*

Well, we hope familiarity doesn't breed contempt of court.

SAUCE PAN SETS
DURO ENAMEL

Ball Bearing Wheels, Full Size. Bright Finish. Provides healthful exercise—and hours of pleasure.—*Flushing (Mich.) paper.*

And our wife called it slavery!

Sun Valley Lodge, which has become the nation's skin capital, will offer a new sports vista this summer.—*Portland (Ore.) paper.*

A burlesque show, perhaps.

The case was remanded for twenty-four hours to see if the defendant was fit for canning.—*Hongkong (China) paper.*

He was probably fit to be tied.

Mr. Hoover has made an excellent record in the matter of coaching crooks.—*La Crosse (Wis.)* paper.

This calls for a Congressional investigation.

THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Oh, Sorry—"Did you say the man was shot in the woods, doctor?"

"No, I said he was shot in the lumbar region."—*The Watchman-Examiner.*

Practise—"What's the idea of poking the broom in the baby's face this morning?"

"I just wanted him to get used to kissing his grandfather."—*The Kablegram.*

Hmmm!—Here's a riddle to end all riddles, and it may be the death of me, too. A train operated by a Norwegian engineer starts to New York from Albany just as a train with a drunken engineer leaves New York for Albany. There's only one track, no switches or sidings, yet the trains do not collide. Why? Because Norse is Norse and Souse is Souse and never the twain shall meet, and I've left town.—*John Chapman in New York Daily News.*

Subtlety—A customer sat down at a table in a smart restaurant and tied a napkin around his neck. The scandalized manager called a waiter and instructed him, "try to make him understand, as tactfully as possible, that that's not done."

Said the thoughtful waiter to the customer: "Pardon me, sir. Shave or haircut, sir?"—*The Kablegram.*

Careful!—"One single move and this canoe will collapse!"

"Can I move my choon-gum to the other side of my mouth?"—*Vancouver Sun.*

Spice of Life?—A gentleman was walking down the street with his little boy at his side when the youngster cried out, "Oh, Pa! There goes an editor."

"Hush, hush," said the father. "Don't make sport of the poor man. The Lord only knows what you may come to yourself some day."—*The Lookout.*

Stop Watch, Huh?—"Did your watch stop when it hit the floor?"

"Sure, did you think it would go on through?"—*Army and Navy Journal.*

That's Different—A boy was about to purchase a seat for a movie in the afternoon. The box-office man asked, "Why aren't you in school?"

"Oh, it's all right, sir," said the youngster earnestly, "I've got measles."—*The Bee Hive.*

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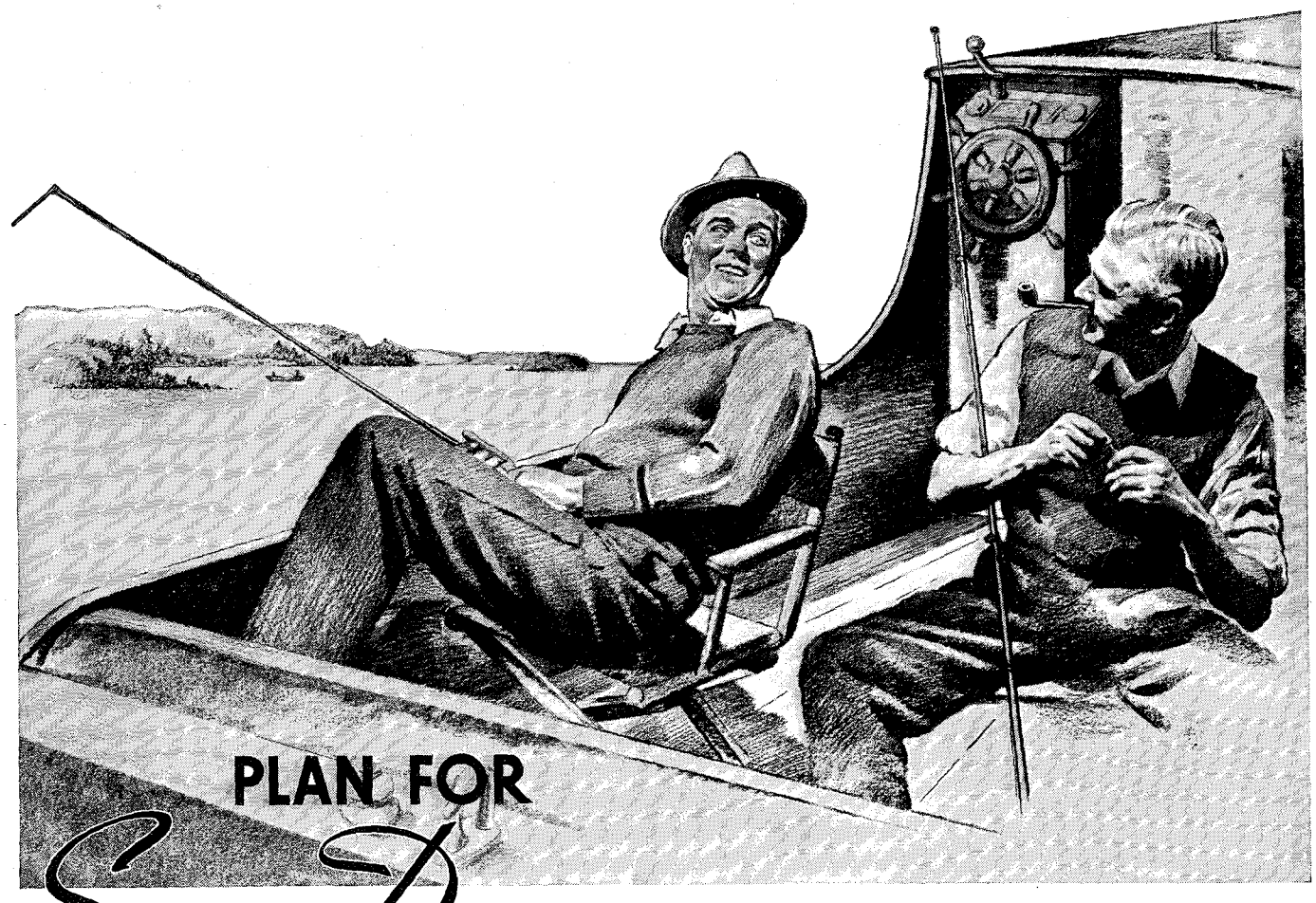

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